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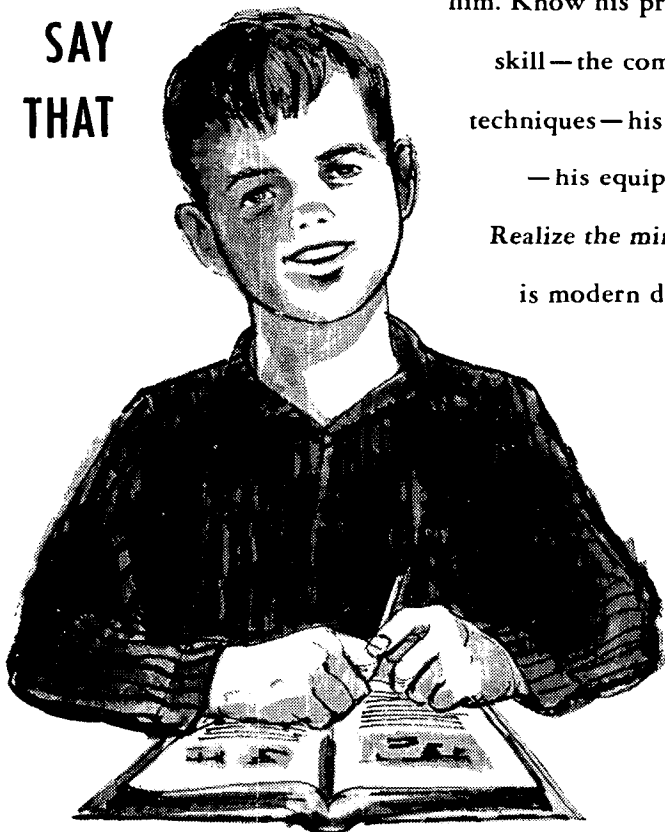
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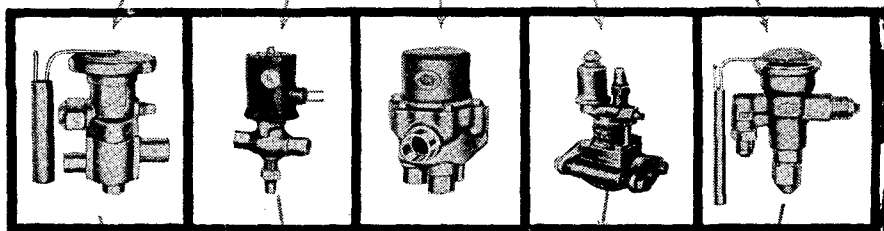
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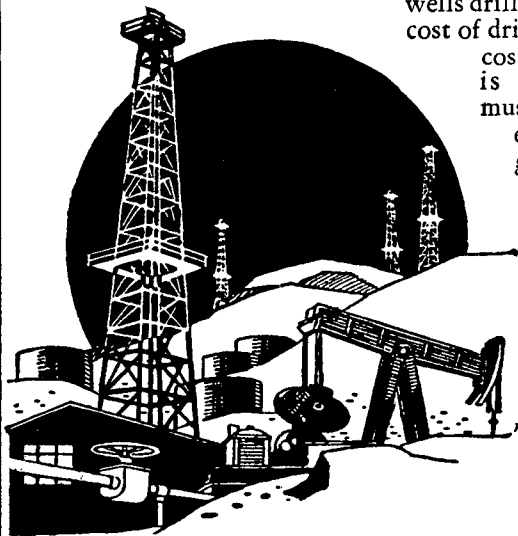
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Meet Senator Talmadge.....	Harold Lord Varney	7
Should I Force My Child?.....	J. Edgar Hoover	18
Will Russian Scientists Beat Us to the Moon?	Frederick I. Ordway, III	20
Britons Helped the Communists.....	Tom Cullen	29
The Americanism Program....	Robert E. Walton	33
Don't Let the Feds Take Your Gun.....	Karl Hess	35
The Girl Who Outrode Paul Revere..	Noel Wical	40
Guest Editorial.....	Richmond News Leader	44
Investment or Speculation?.....	Harry C. France	49
That Gosh Darn Flu.....	Dr. "B" of Sarasota	52
We Arabs Are Sovereign States..	Ahmad Shukairy	53
Communism Has No Nationality..	Michael Glazier	61
Military Men Make Miserable Husbands	Ruth Victor	64
George Washington's Secret Weapon	Murray T. Pringle	70
What Glass Can Do for You.....	E. W. Klimack	73
Maryland's Million-Mile Campus..	Stanley Drazek	80
In the MERCURY's Opinion.....	Russell Maguire	85
Eleanor Roosevelt's Warm Springs Myth	Pittman, Kenney, & Pope	87
Life Savers on Skis.....	Richard A. Gronquist	89
Twelve Hours of Terror....	Daniel W. Henderson	93
Strange City of Spirits.....	Alexander Key	95
My Old Kentucky Home.....	Sam G. Wingfield	102
Is There a Foreign Aid Racket?..	David S. Teeple	107
Can Humans Hibernate?....	Waldo Carlton Wright	111
Theodore Roosevelt Foresaw Felix Frankfurter	Thomas B. Quinn	115
Federal Invasion of Arkansas..	R. Carter Pittman	117
Common Markets.....	E. F. Tompkins	123
In Defense of Juries.....	Robert Gardner	125
Get a Good Night's Sleep.....	Joseph Wassersug	131
Scarlett Gave Her Gold.....	Arthur S. Harris, Jr.	136
This Is What They Said • 47	Do You Know • 129	
The Book Shelf • 144	The College Forum • 154	
Mercury Forum • 157		

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Meet Senator Talmadge

THE NEW VOICE OF THE SOUTH

by Harold Lord Varney

AN ENERGETIC and forceful new national spokesman for constitutional government and States' Rights has emerged, Herman Talmadge, the junior Senator from Georgia. His emergence was chronicled recently by no less a respected statesman than Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn of Texas, who said:

"Herman Talmadge fooled a lot of people by turning out to be a student of government, a convincing speaker and not a hell-raiser as some of the critics had billed him. I don't know of a freshman Senator who ever got off to a finer start. He and Russell (Georgia's Senior Senator, Richard B. Russell) did the South and their state a great service by acting in the civil rights debate to prevent the

voting of cloture. If they hadn't acted as they did against a doomed filibuster, the Senate would have passed a stronger and more restrictive bill, such as had already passed the House."

During his first year in the Senate, Talmadge worked hard to earn recognition as a diligent researcher, a committee enthusiast and, above all, a champion of States' Rights and local self-government.

He did such a good job fighting the civil rights bill, foreign giveaway programs and other evils, he has earned the role of spokesman for Americans seeking to stop federal waste and intervention in local governmental affairs.

There are others to help, but Talmadge excels at standing on his own feet and defending State and

local government—and regional beliefs—before the vocal onslaughts of the pseudoliberals. He has acquired in a short span of 44 years a store of political know-how, wisdom and experience possessed by few men after a lifetime of public service. Such qualities make his opinions on public affairs, government administration and political strategy respected, by people who know him best.

Talmadge learned so quickly in the Senate that he received this tribute from Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas, the Senate Democratic Leader: "He has made a great impression on this body since he came here. He has served only a few months but he has already demonstrated that he is one of the most diligent and one of the best Senators in the Senate. We particularly appreciate the very fine relationship we have with him and the very efficient way he presides over the Senate."

Old-time Capitol observers say that never before in their experience have they seen a freshman Senator become a seasoned and effective statesman so quickly as Talmadge has done.

From that day in July, 1953, when Talmadge forecast the now too-real blunders of the federal government in a speech before the National Retail Hardware Association in Miami, he became a spokesman for those who oppose present trends in Washington.

HIS FIRST blast at national politics included a sharp blow at foreign aid: "We are fast coming to the realization that we can't buy lasting friendship from other nations," he warned. "Even the most foolhardy must now realize that there is a limit as to how much we can drain our national resources. We can no longer engage in a 'cat and mouse' game with the Soviets, letting that regime force us to assume the role of the mouse." He called for an end to confusion and fear, urged a return to the fundamental American principles "of Washington or Jefferson or Monroe or Jackson—or Teddy Roosevelt."

In this same Miami speech, four years ago, he said, "We should work in this country for strong, compact armed forces *with the best equipment available*. Against the communist hordes, we cannot expect to win victories with numbers of men alone." The statement was prophetic, as has been proved by the recent claims that Russia has outstripped the United States in the missiles race and in other fields of scientific progress.

Shortly after leaving the governor's office in January of 1955, Herman Talmadge was invited to address a joint session of the Alabama Legislature. It was in this neighboring state that he re-affirmed and consolidated his long-expressed and often-stated views on constitutional history, constitutional govern-

ment and the reserved rights of the States and the people. One is impressed today in reading these two addresses by their significance and foresight in spite of the fact that one of them was delivered four and a half years ago and the other was made nearly three years ago. Had the policies suggested at that time by Senator Talmadge been the policies of our Republic, the national economy would be in far better condition today and our defense posture would have been much more secure.

To reach his status as a spokesman for the masses, Talmadge had as demanding a school as ever existed—Georgia politics. Born on a South Georgia farm to Eugene Talmadge and his wife, lovingly known as “Miss Mitt,” Herman Eugene Talmadge got early practical experience.

When the younger Talmadge was 15, his father—then State Agriculture Commissioner—moved his family to Atlanta from the farm near McRae. The boy began assimilating his political wisdom by listening to talk in the house.

Entering the University of Georgia, young Talmadge soon became a leader on the campus. After he earned his degree in Law, his father adjudged him a good enough politician to manage the elder’s unsuccessful campaign for the Senate in 1938 and, later, his campaign for governor in 1940, when the father-and-son team won.

Soon after this Herman was commissioned as an ensign in the Navy, where he served for 52 months during World War II. During a leave before Pearl Harbor, he married attractive, blonde Betty Shingler, the daughter of a pioneer Georgia family. The first of two sons was born while he served overseas. Friends he made in the Navy still call on him at his white-columned farm home at Lovejoy and in Washington.

Talmadge returned to Georgia in time for the 1946 gubernatorial campaign which he managed for his father.

He drafted that campaign’s platform for his father, a sharp departure from the traditional Talmadge stand. Instead of confining his platform largely to an economy plank—the Talmadge custom in the past—the 1946 platform called for many new and expanded State services, including far-reaching new roadbuilding and an unprecedented educational program.

THE STORY goes that the elder Talmadge called Herman into his office when he read the platform and asked, “You’re taking me a little bit fast, aren’t you, son?”

“With the overwhelming odds against us,” young Herman said, “we have got to move fast to win this election.” The platform was used and the elder Talmadge won again—the fourth time he had been elected governor. No man before or

since has been so continuously re-elected.

Eugene Talmadge died a few days before he was to have taken office. The Talmadge lawyers took the position that there had been a failure of election. Acting, however, under what appeared to be a clear-cut provision of the 1945 State Constitution—which seemingly authorized the General Assembly to elect under such circumstances—the General Assembly proceeded to elect Herman governor. But a majority of the Georgia Supreme Court, in a 5-2 decision, took a different view and ruled that incumbent Governor Ellis Arnall held over and that upon his resignation, proffered to take effect at the qualification of Lieutenant-Governor M. E. Thompson, the executive authority then devolved upon the latter as acting governor, until the next general election, at which time a governor could be elected by the people.

Despite the bitter feud preceding the ruling, Herman Talmadge moved his family out of the governor's mansion within an hour after the Court spoke. While the belongings were being removed, his mother had only this smiling comment for a reporter: "We'll be back!"

The road back began the next day. Talmadge hammered away at the incumbent administration until he was elected overwhelmingly in 1948. He had been active

in politics for 20 years, but this was his first elective public office.

The rest is history. Talmadge was re-elected governor in 1950. A majority of the state's daily newspapers had opposed both elections, but by the next year they began to praise him. When he ran for the Senate seat of retiring Senator, Walter F. George, in 1956, virtually every newspaper in the state endorsed his candidacy. He carried every one of Georgia's 159 counties.

At 44, Talmadge is rapidly increasing in national popularity. Reporters have noted that he is one of the top congressional mail-receivers. Georgia groups ask him to make more speeches than he can deliver, but he still arranges 60 to 70 during the year.

ONE OF the principal pledges Talmadge made to the people of Georgia during his campaigns for election as governor and, later, as Senator was that he would carry their fight for States' Rights and Constitutional government to the people of the whole nation. He has done that, primarily through the medium of television.

The Senator began earning a reputation on nationwide television interviews in 1952. He received 12,000 letters after appearing on a televised show just prior to the 1952 Democratic National Convention while trying to win the presidential nomination for Senator Russell. The best of those letters

are bound into volumes and stored in his library at Lovejoy. He has appeared on many different nationwide programs, making as many as four appearances on some.

NEVER declining an invitation to joust with reporters—or critics—Talmadge regards TV interviews as one of the most effective mediums for expressing the thoughts of public servants.

“It has been of invaluable assistance in allowing me to talk right to the people,” he says. Talmadge was quick to see that TV has changed the whole technique of effective political campaigns.

His relationships with the working press have been uniformly cordial and productive. Reporters who have “covered” him say: “Senator Talmadge is honest with us and cooperative in every way. If you ask him a loaded question, he gives a full and frank reply right off. He knows we have deadlines to make and doesn’t keep us waiting for hours on end. We appreciate the fact that he is ‘avail-

able’ and takes us into his confidence.”

The Talmadge seen on the Senate floor in dark grey suit and somber tie resembles not at all the Talmadge seen in Army fatigues and heavy work shoes on his Lovejoy farm. There is, however, the same tough fiber, the same incisive action, the same ability to analyze elections and national issues. He

The emergence of an important new national figure in Washington is always an event. When that man combines, as in the case of Herman Talmadge, political incorruptibility and first rate brains, the debut becomes a direction marker.

It has long been one of the paradoxes of American politics that although States’ Rights has all the logic and the force of American tradition, Federal bureaucracy has the most plausible and effective debaters. Talmadge’s coming to Washington will do much to redress that disbalance. The nation will hear much of the Georgia newcomer during the disturbed period ahead of us.

makes no pretense that he prefers legislative duty. He would rather be the executive officer. The time-consuming legislative functions conflict with his great energy. Nevertheless, he asked for the Senate job, winning an unprecedented majority in all Georgia’s 159 counties in his race.

Left-wing columnists and magazines have long tried to smear him. Nationally syndicated columnist, Robert S. Allen said that “it was pretty generally anticipated that he would roar into town and ‘run amuck,’ so to speak; hootin’ and tootin’ and storming around all over the place. . . . But he has completely confounded them, just as he

has very highly gratified a lot of other people who were hoping he would do exactly as he has done—conduct himself like a gentleman and an upstanding and conscientious public servant.

Even the principal political columnist and reporter for the *Washington Post* and *Times Herald*, Robert C. Albright, credited Talmadge with “confounding some of his liberal critics.” They were amazed, said Albright, because Talmadge “chose as his maiden speech, not civil rights, but the nonsectional issue of President Eisenhower’s Middle East Resolutions.”

This serves to emphasize that good Senators are interested in the nation, not just the section from which they are elected. His first speech drew acclaim from Senators with divergent views. Talmadge voted against the resolution as being too late to be useful and because it was coupled to foreign aid “give-aways” which he opposes.

Still, the columnists and analysts are building up new pressures against him. Talmadge shrugs it off and continues to detail the rights of individuals as opposed to federal regulation.

He visualizes the frequently heard declaration that a Southerner cannot be elected president as “a self-serving fiction fostered by political opportunists” who manipulate minority votes in States where such blocs represent the balance of political power. “Their

anti-South hate campaign is the sop they toss to their minorities,” he says, “as their admission ticket to the banquet table of political success.” Claiming that minorities in other sections should worry about their own plight, he declares the real reason Southern leadership is unacceptable to the political bosses and to the party manipulators is “because of Southern belief in and adherence to fundamental constitutional government as established and practiced by the founding fathers of this nation.”

BECAUSE he is a life-long Democrat—but not the same breed as Humphrey or Douglas—Talmadge pleads for the Democratic Party to accept “the greatest opportunity ever afforded any political party in the history of our nation,” and hopes to see his party gain greater national prestige.

His blueprint is simple: get new leadership, develop new concepts based on observing constitutional guarantees rather than violating them, work out a new philosophy of world leadership and speak for all the people.

“The American people,” Talmadge believes, “are weary of bearing the burdens of a national government which has ceased to be their servant, of tolerating regimentation from a sprawling bureaucracy which has ceased to be responsive to their will, of countenancing the extravagances of

global planners who have no concern for the welfare of the people here at home; and of listening to the empty promises of false prophets who cry peace when there is no peace and plenty when there is no plenty."

Talmadge is fully aware of the conflicts ahead in this second session of the 85th Congress. "Every action will have political overtones," he declares.

Senators already are offering many bills to gag Senate debate in that last home of completely free American speech. Talmadge warns that if such a bill reaches the Senate floor, "A determined filibuster undoubtedly would ensue."

Thus, for the second time in this Congress, Senators have a fight on their hands to preserve unlimited debate. At the last session, conservative members wisely tracked down and killed the most vicious portions of the "civil rights" bill rather than engage in a futile fili-

buster which undoubtedly would have brought on a rule allowing debate to be cut off by a simple majority vote, rather than the two-thirds of the total membership now needed. This retained the good will of independent Senators from regions outside the South and cooled

off hotheads intent on changing the cloture rule.

Both Russell and Talmadge won uniform praise for the high level of debate maintained in the bitter fight. The *Atlanta Constitution* commenting editorially said: "... the fact that he (Russell) and Senator Talmadge were able to delete the vicious Section III of the bill ... was indeed a magnifi-

Sixty million Americans who live in the Southern States or who share Southern viewpoints are today in deep need of articulate, outspoken leadership. Northern mass circulation magazines and TV and radio networks seem deliberately engaged in building up opportunistic Southerners who do not speak for actual Southern viewpoints, as the voice of the South. This is spreading confusion and misinformation.

For this reason the appearance of such a refreshing figure as Herman Talmadge on the national stage is a fact for rejoicing. In his first year in the Senate he has shown promise of a great career in Washington. Unfrightened by the smear-pots, unaffected by the temptations of the Madison Avenue "liberal" publicists, Talmadge goes his way calmly in the Senate, fighting for his convictions as he sees them. America has need of such men.

cent victory against overwhelming odds. . . ."

Meanwhile, The *Atlanta Journal* termed the action of both Senators "Victory with Honor," commending both of them for keeping their heads: "They did not sacrifice the section they represent for political

opportunism . . . Common sense and cool reason saved the field. Earlier victories were preserved. The South won its important points and has strength to fight another day."

In his memorable speech laying bare the dangers of the civil rights bill, Talmadge expressed a wish as to how history will record the day. Said he, "I, for one, wish history to record that I stood in defense of the rights and liberties of the American people and the sacred Constitution of the American Republic."

Speaking recently in South Georgia, Talmadge cautioned against any form of racial violence. He is hopeful that wiser heads on the national scene will come to the realization that if this great divisive issue is ever to be resolved it will be settled peaceably and voluntarily by responsible leaders *within the framework of laws and conditions as they exist in the States directly concerned and affected.*

In his first year, Talmadge quoted such different works on government as The Federalist Papers, obscure laws dating back to Reconstruction and current national magazines and newspapers. These references point up an important factor in Talmadge's value as a Senator. He researches any subject completely before he speaks. His staff is constantly busy checking facts.

He engaged Kenneth Turner, an

experienced Washington newspaper correspondent, as his administrative assistant when he went to the Capitol. William Burson, a diligent reporter with outstanding wire service experience, became his executive assistant. Walters Brooks, longtime aide, assists Talmadge in research and in maintaining his Atlanta office to help his constituents. These three plus a fine secretarial staff are constantly busy "letting the folks back home know."

In keeping with his determination not to lose touch with the people of Georgia, Talmadge began writing a series of weekly newspaper columns which he distributes to all the papers in his State and is making bi-weekly filmed television reports on his activities in the Senate.

PERHAPS one of the most thorough investigative jobs he and his staff have done is on foreign aid—Talmadge opposes any gifts which are not reasonably related to the *defense* of the United States. In his Senate speech on the subject, he made that point abundantly clear while citing several ridiculous examples of how the United States had spent \$40 billion in economic aid overseas. His speech brought forth howls of anguish from the bureaucrats in the administration. Next day Senator Theodore Francis Green, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, sought to refute some of the Tal-

madge' charges. Within the short space of five minutes Talmadge was on his feet citing chapter and verse of substantiating data. He read into the Congressional Record copious authority from House and Senate committee findings, International Cooperation Administration reports, national magazines, newspaper and wire service articles and from other reliable sources.

Nothing futher was heard from Senator Green.

As for the effects his foreign aid views might have on national security, Senator Talmadge feels: "A militarily impregnable America and an economically invincible America are the world's best and only hopes for peace. If we are to perpetuate our blood-won birthright for ourselves and for our posterity, the welfare of the American people and the solvency, safety, security and sovereignty of our own country must be our primary concern. It is mine and I shall so vote."

Talmadge credits Georgia's senior Senator, Richard B. Russell, with much of his early Senate success. At a recent appreciation day for Russell in his hometown, Winder, Talmadge said: "Had Senator Russell been my own father, he could not have been more kind, considerate and helpful than he was during my first year of service in the Senate."

RUSSELL, himself a former governor, has praised the junior

Senator repeatedly. "In my time no man has ever come into the Senate, taken over and handled so ably such difficult assignments, normally given to veterans, as has Herman Talmadge." Many state organizations have applauded them as "the best Senatorial team in the United States."

Herman Talmadge is a man of the people. He's down-to-earth. Speaking on the hustings in his Senatorial campaign, he promised that if elected senator "I will keep both feet firmly planted on Georgia ground." Thus he immunized himself against an illness commonly known as "Potomac fever."

An Atlanta lawyer who went through college with the Senator and has closely observed him since, told the writer that in all his business and legal experience in a practice that takes him in many countries, he had never seen anyone with a keener, more incisive mind.

"What does Talmadge stand for?" you may ask.

The best answer to that question can be found in his Senate campaign platform. He favors curbing jurisdiction of the Supreme Court and minimum qualifications for federal jurists. He is staunch in upholding state sovereignty and the free enterprise system. He opposes federal meddling in purely local affairs.

A farmer himself, with a good understanding of agricultural problems, he favors rigid farm price

supports at 90 per cent of parity and other legislation designed to aid the farmer achieve a fair share of the national income. He attacks Benson farm policies as "planned depression."

As for national defense, he opposes cuts but would "give emphasis" to the development of air power, guided missiles, atomic and other new weapons. He speaks out for strong National Guard and ready reserve programs.

He supports a realistic foreign policy based upon the application of practical experience and common sense. He advocates the Bricker Amendment to safeguard the people against "treaty law" and takes a dim view of the status-of-forces agreements which subject American servicemen and their wives to harsh and unusual punishment under foreign laws and in foreign courts.

He accepts the dual responsibility of feeding hungry people and providing every possible means for our military defense. He asks elimination of purely "economic" foreign aid and demands a careful scrutiny of each military assistance project to insure that taxpayers get something in return for their money. Above all, he demands that the federal government cease doing for foreign nations what it does not or is unwilling to do for the people here at home.

Though supporting a favorable balance of trade, he insists that

American Workers and American industry be protected against cut-throat competition of foreign goods made by "slave-wage labor."

In the field of fiscal affairs he calls for a systematic beginning on debt reduction, an end to deficit spending, better budgetary control, a reduction in federal income tax rates and a halt to further encroachment by the federal government on the revenue sources of State and local governments.

And, as a jealous guardian of the rights of the people, Talmadge stands at the forefront in the fight to preserve the hard-won gains which working men and women have earned in the last quarter-century. He seeks a further strengthening of legislation governing public welfare assistance and veterans' benefits to make them more *equitable* and serviceable to the people.

THAT is his philosophy—simple, forthright, American. You don't have to guess where he stands on any issue. Anybody who wants to know his opinion on any current subject can find out simply by asking him.

A third party is one of the most controversial subjects in his home-state today, but he will declare his outlook on the possibility: Both major parties are seeking the minority votes in other sections of the country and are striving with each other to see who can conduct the most punitive campaign against

the South. This action may ultimately drive the Southern states into forming a third party for their own self protection."

Talmadge opened his campaign for the Senate seat with a plea to the voters for a "practically unanimous" mandate to go to Congress as their champion in the fight for the restoration of constitutional government. When he got there he opened his "civil rights" speech

with this statement: "Mr. President, as I rise to address myself to this bill I can say with full sincerity and in good conscience that I speak for the rank and file of Georgians of every color, race, faith and national origin."

HE wasn't boasting. More than four out of every five Georgia voters had asked him to speak for them.



The Communist Church-Front

The communist conspiracy has been highly successful in using clergymen in their front groups.

The front technique, as invented by Lenin and the conspirators, has had 50 years experience to perfect it. The front organizations are just as essential a part of the communist conspiracy as the communist press, their training schools, and espionage cells.

Before the creation of front organizations, the number of ministers who carried out the instructions of the Communist Party or collaborated with it, was small. The first important communist front organization in the United States was the American League Against War and Fascism, organized in 1933, headed by Prof. Harry F. Ward of Union Theological Seminary. Earl Browder was vice chairman and there were several ministers and rabbis on the National Executive Committee.

Many large and influential church and social fronts have since been headed by clergymen.

Eight of the translators of the new Revised Standard Version of the Bible have communist front affiliations and they have been active in some of the most dangerous fronts.

Generally you will find the same clergymen who collaborate with the communist front organizations leading the drives against congressional committees exposing communists, for "open door" immigration, for an appeasing foreign policy, and for a collective type federal government—which they call "the responsible society."—Julian E. Williams in the *Christian Crusade*

Should I Force



Some good advice for parents from the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation

My Child? by J. Edgar Hoover

SHALL I make my child go to Sunday School and church? Yes! And with no further discussion about the matter. Startled? Why? How do you answer Junior when he comes to breakfast on Monday morning and announces to you that he is not going to school any more? You know! Junior goes.

How do you answer when Junior comes in very much besmudged and says, "I'm not going to take a bath." Junior bathes, doesn't he?

Why all this timidity, then, in the realm of his Spiritual guidance and growth? Going to let him wait and decide what church he'll go to when he's old enough? Quit your kidding! You didn't wait until you were old enough! You don't wait until he's old enough to decide whether he wants to go to school or not—to start his education. You don't wait until he's old enough to decide whether he wishes to be clean or dirty do you? Do you wait until he's old enough to decide if he wants to take his medicine when he is sick? Do you?

What shall we say when Junior announces he doesn't like to go to Sunday School and church? That's an easy one to answer. Just be consistent. Tell him, "Junior, in our house we all go to church and Sunday School, and that includes you." Your firmness and example will furnish a bridge over which youthful rebellion may travel into rich and satisfying experience in personal religious living.

The parents of America can strike a telling blow against the forces which contribute to our juvenile delinquency, if our mothers and fathers will take their children to Sunday School and church regularly.

WILL RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS BEAT US TO THE MOON?

by Frederick I. Ordway, III

Was President Eisenhower informed by his billion-dollar Central Intelligence Agency of these momentous Soviet satellite facts—or was he kept uninformed, as were the American people?

SINCE Russia astounded the world by launching the satellites, there has been much speculation by political writers that it was the captured German scientists who gave the Russians their edge in rocket perfection. This is a half-truth which conceals the actual reality. In fact, Russian rocket research was in an advanced state of experimentation before the Peenemunde base and its researchers were captured. The Russians staked out the rocket as their particular field of research a surprisingly long time ago.

One hundred years ago, in the small Russian town of Izhevsk, Konstantin Eduardovitch Tsiolkov-

ski was born in humble surroundings. This man, almost unknown outside of Russia, may one day be universally considered among the century's greatest scientists. Recognition often comes years after a man is dead, and in the case of Tsiolkovski it would have been extraordinary had his genius been appreciated when it first became manifest. Space flight and artificial satellites were not realistic subjects of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Or so the world thought.

The world, or most of it, also thought that the United States would be the first to send a small artificial satellite orbiting in the space beyond our Earth's atmosphere. Yet 100 years after Tsiolkovski's birth (and it is probably *no* coincidence) we are getting used to the fact that we can at best be second into space. On the 4th of October 1957 Tsiolkovski's dreams

were realized, not across the seas, but in his native Russia.

At 16 young Konstantin Tsiolkovski began studying the application of centrifugal force for "ascent into cosmic space." Writing in 1926 he said: "There was a moment when it seemed to me that I had decided this question. I was so excited, even stunned, that I did not sleep the whole night. I strolled around Moscow and continually thought about the great consequences of my discovery—the thought of space travel never left me—It spurred me to study higher mathematics. Astronomy fascinated me because I considered, and still consider, not only the Earth but partly also the universe the property of the human race." The philosopher's mind was developing.

The father of astronautics, as he is now called, earned eternal fame for his theoretical investigations begun in the 1890's, culminating with the work *The Exploration of World Space by Reaction Apparatus*, published in *Nauchnyi Obozrenie* (Scientific Survey) No. 5, in 1903. This amazing study was the first scientific treatise on perhaps the most grandiose subject in history, flight into space. It was also the first time a man had suggested using liquids for rocket engines; in Tsiolkovski's case they were liquid oxygen and liquid hydrogen, still regarded as one of the most powerful propellant combinations known.

BY THE TIME he was 75, in 1932, Tsiolkovski was a great Russian hero. He died three years later, and since that time important awards have been made in his name, including the USSR Academy of Sciences Tsiolkovski Gold Medal. It was no secret among those acquainted with the rocket and astronautical sciences that the Soviets would make a supreme effort to celebrate the 100th anniversary of Tsiolkovski's birth by launching the first Earth satellite. The scientist was born on September 5th, 1857. Russia was a month late.

The Russian people are justified in being proud of the man who for 25 years developed the massive theoretical background to the science of astronautics. But Tsiolkovski's name is not the only one we must reckon with. Another is that of Professor Nikolai A. Rynin. From 1928 to 1932 there appeared Rynin's great *Mezhplanetnye Soobshcheniya*, or Interplanetary Voyages, in nine volumes crammed with designs of rockets, formulae and tables. No work of comparable magnitude on the subject has appeared since, anywhere. Perhaps the most important of the volumes is the 352, page No. 8 on the theory of cosmic flight (*Teoriya Kosmicheskogo Poleta*).

Other evidence of the broad Russian background in rocketry and spaceflight is shown by the fact that there were several rocket societies

organized as early as the 1920's, including the Gruppa Isutcheniya Reaktivnovo Dvisheniya, which was headed by Rynin in Leningrad. In 1924 the First International Exhibition for World Space Navigation was held in Moscow.

That the Russians were more than theoreticians is shown by the following dispatch, dated 1932:

"SOVIET ENGINEERS CONSTRUCTING TWO ROCKETS

"A dispatch to the New York Times from Moscow indicates that research engineers of the Leningrad Oseaviakhim are constructing two rockets . . . one . . . is planned to be shot to an altitude of thirty miles by means of powerful discharges: the other (is to be used for) carrying two passengers to a height of ten miles into the stratosphere.

"A communication from Professor Rynin of Leningrad . . . states that a group of rocket experiments (sic) is now active in Soviet Russia . . . headquarters at Moscow . . . group consists of about 200 engineers and scientists."

This is all pre-war work, and much of it was theoretical. Lack of industrialization, failure to have the quantity and quality of research workers necessary, and seemingly more pressing other tasks prevented Russia from carrying out a large rocket program immediately prior to and during World War II. True, Red troops haunted the Germans with their *Katiusha* (Swish) rockets fired from Stalin Organ launch-

ers, and they had rocket-propelled bombs and air-to-surface missiles on their deadly Stormoviks. But the effort or the effect was neither outstanding nor decisive.

They did have, however, their excellent theoretical background and, perhaps above all, the intellectual curiosity and will to work. Investigations into aerodynamics, properties and structure of the atmosphere, heat engines (including the jet and rocket), ballistics, propellant chemistry and materials all strengthened Russia's basic know-how.

AFTER THE WAR it became terrifyingly apparent to some American observers—though official Washington wanted such facts censored from the American public—that the USSR was moving at a highly accelerating technological pace. Famed as a borrower of knowledge, she soon proved she was more, much more. The USSR surprised and dismayed American scientists, military authorities and politicians when it exploded an atomic bomb long before we publicly estimated that they could. Even more significantly, the Russians developed the thermonuclear bomb much more rapidly than calculated by Washington advisers. Evidence accumulated of Soviet efficiency in military ordnance, aviation, electronics, and basic research. Our leaders pointed out that more engineering and science stu-

dents were being churned out of Russian universities than out of American universities—but all such warning was kept from the American public.

In the most significant field of all, long range ballistic missiles, Russia was moving with astonishing speed: In 1944, we, with the British, had let Soviet troops capture the great German V-2 missile base at Peenemunde and most other key German rocket centers. Washington's intelligence agents knew and reported that Russia not only fired the V-2s it captured or assembled, but that the Russian scientists later constructed hundreds, and probably thousands, of copies and improved models.

By 1950 the magnitude of Russian rocket work became more and more apparent to qualified—but censored—Western experts. In 1953 it was possible for a leading U.S. aviation trade journal to present a study entitled "Vast Missile Program Pushed by Soviets," wherein it was revealed that German escapee scientists reported some 2000 improved V-2 missiles were being built each *month*. Highly technical publications in the rocketry, missile and space flight fields began carrying important contributions to our knowledge of Soviet progress. A leading U.S. rocket engine expert emphasized that "Russia has an amazing background of 50 years of rocket work and thus has had an earlier start in this complex techni-

cal field than almost all other countries in the world." Rocket research, on an organized scale, started much earlier in Russia than generally believed. Russia was mass producing large ballistic weapons, had a far-flung research array, had the required trained manpower; and excellent rocket test facilities were available. By 1954 American rocket scientists knew that the Russians had developed a huge liquid propellant engine producing nearly 300,000 pounds of thrust. But no word of public warning went out to American citizens from the White House.

By this time American scientists were certain that Russia was developing not only intermediate range ballistic missiles (IRBM's) but intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBM's) and possibly even manned space craft. Soviet writers were predicting large satellites in a continuous flood of technical and popular articles.

DURING the early October 1957 *Conference on Rockets and Satellites*, sponsored by Comité Spéciale de l'Année Géophysique Internationale and the U.S. National Academy of Sciences in Washington, the Russians quite freely talked about pre-war rocketry in private discussions, and gave details to the international audience on a meteorological rocket being used for upper atmospheric research. They further spoke of the

existence of a geophysical rocket of higher altitude capability, but offered no particulars. They told how dogs had been sent up 100 or more miles in rockets and how they were successfully parachute-recovered. They also told the assembled group of rocket and satellite scientists something about the experiments to be carried out in their proposed satellite, what frequencies its transmitters would broadcast on, and approximately what orbits they were considering. But not until the close of the technical sessions in Washington on the 4th of October did the astonished world—of uninformed men and women—learn that the Russian satellite was rapidly circling the planet Earth, months, or perhaps years, ahead of the scheduled U.S. Vanguard “artificial moon.”

POLITICIANS and economy-minded congressmen were shocked, proponents of service rivalry were embarrassed, but many scientists, engineers and serious military experts were only surprised at the date. Some U.S. scientists had freely predicted that Russia would win the race into space. No American, if we had been properly informed, should have been surprised. We had facts that showed that Russian IRBM's were in quantity production while the Jupiter-Thor IRBM controversy raged in Washington. On August 26, before the Russian satellite was launched, Moscow announced

that a multistaged intercontinental ballistic missile had been fired a “huge distance.” Tass confidently asserted that tests “fully confirmed the correctness of the calculations and the selected design.”

After a few days of claims by “experts” that the Soviets had exaggerated, or just were not telling the truth, the Defense Department announced that it was not only aware of the ICBM, but that it knew it had been fired in some quantity. Four to six test-firings had been detected by U.S. intelligence sources. Yet, as late as *July, 1957* authoritative Washington statements said that the Soviets were “substantially” behind the U.S.; the time interval between Washington’s “surprised” and “not surprised” was shockingly short.

Despite the fact that the Soviets have successful IRBM's, despite the fact the U.S. armed service rivalry, which slowed the perfection of the undisputedly technically superior Army Jupiter IRBM, and despite the fact that the U.S. had yet to successfully launch an ICBM, top government officials in this country were described as calm and collected, and believing that the new Soviet missiles “will not tip the power scales.”

The background of Russian rocketry is clear in its general outline. Soviet progress was widely predicted by rocket scientists, but these predictions were, in Washington, just as widely attacked, though us-

ually by technically incompetent observers. By April, 1955, P. Kapitza of the Soviet Academy of Sciences was heading a group developing an Earth satellite, and in August, 1955, following the U.S. announcement that its satellite would be launched during the International Geophysical Year, 1957-58, Communist party-boss Khrushchev bragged that Russia was planning a bigger one. In October, 1955, Prof. Kirill Stanyukovich (a member of the Soviet Academy of Science's Commission on Interplanetary Communications) again emphasized that Russian engineers were planning much larger satellites than those of the West. In June, 1957, Prof. Alexander Nesmeyanov, also of the Soviet Academy, stated that they "had created the rockets and all the instruments and equipment necessary to solve the problems of the artificial Earth satellite," and, shortly later, IGY committeeman Yevgeny Fedorov predicted that several satellites would be launched by 1958, with orbits out to 300 miles.

Anyone who took the trouble to read "*L'étude de l'atmosphère supérieure à l'aide des fusées à l'Académie des Sciences de l'U.R.S.S.*" in a French rocket-missile journal appearing last March would have obtained a broad outline of atmospheric rocket research.

The second satellite was successfully launched into orbit on November 3, just a month after No. 1. It weighed an astonishing 1,120

pounds and reached, in its orbit, out to more than 1,000 miles in space. Not only was it heavily instrumented to study primary cosmic radiation, solar ultraviolet and X-rays, temperatures and pressures, but it contained a dog sealed in a chamber. The animal was fed automatically during its voyage and physiological measurements concerning its circulatory, digestive, heart and lung systems were made. The rocket was reported to be an improvement over the Sputnik I carrier vehicle, and perhaps employed some new, "super" propellants.

THE United States has, it is hoped, learned that the Russians give few if any details about their scientific achievements until they are proven successful, but they often make surprisingly accurate predictions. The next logical step for the Russian scientists will be the manned satellite, the Moon rocket, and planetary probes. And Russia has done some very concrete predicting on these exciting subjects. The chairman of the Soviet Technical Committee on Radio-Television Guidance for Rockets, Y. S. Khlebtsevich, has announced that plans are under way for circumlunar flights within the next five years. These will be unmanned instrumented flights; Radio Moscow has made it clear that the Soviets are working on animal-carrying and manned satellites, in-

cluding a project to put a crew of three into orbit for several days or weeks. Prof. Yury A. Pobedonostev talked, on October 8, 1957, of manned space stations to be used as space ship launching bases.

There are definite Moon-rock-et programs going on in the Soviet Union, and preliminary test firings, we can be sure, will take place. A Russian report picked up by the *Asahi Evening Times* of Tokyo stated that by 1970 instrumented devices should be available for the exploration of Venus and Mars, "as a result of a line of thought on cosmic research originated in the Soviet Union."

To demonstrate that these are not just wild claims made by a satellite-intoxicated Russia, it is possible to quote almost endless passages from Soviet writings published one to seven years ago. For six years the Soviets have been publishing a rocket journal called *Voprosy Raketonoi Tekhniki*, as well as a more recent abstracting journal partially devoted to the space flight sciences. Tikhonravov, of the Academy of Artillery Sciences, writing in a 1951 issue of *Pionerskaya Pravda*, stated that a Moon voyage was possible. Reports circulating about that time indicated that the Soviet Moon rocket would be nearly 200 feet long, would weigh 1000 tons and would have 20 rocket engines developing 350,000,000 horsepower. The deliverable payload was believed to be 650 pounds. The Soviet

Naval publication, *Krasnii Flot* reported as far back as 1951 that a definite Moon rocket project was underway, and Y. S. Khlebtsevich has long since announced a flight control method for a lunar rocket. He said, in a paper published in *Nauka i Zhizn*, that "the investigation of cosmic space . . . is not a goal in itself. It will serve as a preparation for the next stage in the development of interplanetary flight—the stage of studying the Moon by means of radio-telecontrolled rockets equipped with suitable apparatus." According to his predictions, 1960 may see the conquest of the Moon, and simultaneously man will be "preparing for flights to other planets of the solar system—Mars and Venus."

THE DIRECTION of the path the Russian scientists are taking is unmistakable. Following their own development of a profound theoretical background in rocketry, they copied and adapted what World War II German technology could give them. To this they added, by every conceivable method, the accumulated knowledge of the post-war Western World, particularly the discoveries and projects of the United States. (See Tom Cullen's *exposé*, in this issue.) These priceless ingredients placed the Soviet regime in a unique position, and, by combining them with the ruthlessness and efficiency of the totalitarian state, they could mar-

shall their resources and move unhesitatingly towards their announced aim—the conquest not only of the world but of space.

THUS the Russians surged ahead of us with intermediate range and intercontinental ballistic missiles; their hold on space supremacy can strengthen daily. If the Russian time table is not upset, we shall be seeing within the next few months larger and more efficient satellites, including varieties that can be recovered. The manned satellite and the unmanned, instrumented circum-lunar rocket can probably be with us in the early 1960's, man can be on the Moon by 1965 or 1970, and Russian instrumented probes may be dispatched to the planets shortly later. The spectacle is awe-inspiring but the conclusions are simple. Moral, political and military supremacy will be determined in space during the next generations, just as mastery of the air brought supremacy at mid-century. The United States no longer has any choice. This freedom-loving nation must embark on a definitive space flight program unless it wants to gamble on becoming a second rate, or even subjugated nation.

Like many tragedies, the present situation could have been avoided if a strong, guiding U.S. ballistic missile policy had been established in Washington at top levels and administered by an informed and vigilant President and Congress.

There are those who feel that either the Army's Jupiter or the Air Force's Thor must be cancelled, leaving the nation with but *one*, largely *untried* intermediate range ballistic weapon in the face of the now almost universally acknowledged Soviet superiority of the medium. Can we properly and realistically imagine a great nation with *one* type of fighter, *one* type of bomber, *one* type of tank? At the very minimum both IRBM developments are needed, and needed urgently. Both services should support one another, and technical information should be freely interchanged. If this cannot be done under separate service agencies, an immediate and *real* unification will, at last, have to be forced.

As for our ICBM program, it was beset with difficulties from the beginning. Atlas at one time was cancelled outright—in the name of "economy". Had it continued uninterrupted from the beginning, the U.S. might have at least won the ICBM race. The Titan program was a late starter. Just when either of these Air Force missiles will be able to catch up with the Russians is debatable, but it is not debatable that *both* should receive increased support.

Our 1957 artificial satellite project was a marginal and minimum one. It was given low priority, embarrassingly few funds, and all too little White House support where support counted. The Navy's

Vanguard will eventually succeed, but its maximum future capability is far below Russia's current capability.

The United States does not have to look far or long for larger satellite launching vehicle capability than offered by the Vanguard carrier missile. The Army Ballistic Missile Jupiter IRBM program has for some time been in possession of adequate equipment for launching an artificial satellite into orbit around the Earth. When, in November, 1957, the army was given the go-ahead to launch a satellite with its Jupiter C equipment, one could only say, "Finally!" Over a year ago a Jupiter C test missile established all known speed, altitude and distance records in an astounding flight out over the Atlantic. It was reported to have reached a *15,000 mph* velocity, over *600 miles* up into space, and a range of *3,400 miles*. This was months before even a pre-Vanguard test vehicle was fired, yet powerful political-pressure figures in our government, and outside, saw to it that the United States did not use this already available rocket to launch what could have been the world's first artificial satellite. When the history of this era is written, it will question why a great nation has knowingly failed to respond to one of its supreme challenges. History will divulge

the names of those responsible.

What is past cannot be undone. But much *can* be done now. We have the Army's Jupiter equipment for satellite experiments. The Air Force Project Far Side, a 4,000 mile altitude, four-stage balloon-launched rocket should be also pushed with all possible speed. The Navy should accelerate its Vanguard program, which, though small, will provide an enormously useful tool for research at the space frontiers. All our programs should be closely coordinated, and all future satellite and space projects should be given strong, central control—at the *Department of Defense level*.

WE MUST do some hard thinking and reassessing in 1958. The wisdom of our Washington officials is needed now as possibly never before in history. Man has at last crossed the space frontier. We have emerged into the Age of Space. How this age will turn out for us will largely be contingent on what sort of men are responsible for it.

The Western World did not participate in the opening ceremonies, but now that the door to space is ajar our ultimate survival can depend on how quickly we cross the threshold into space supremacy. Supremacy of the seas or air will no longer protect us.

Shadow owes its birth to light. — *John Gav*

They aided Kapitza, the scientist
who got Sputnik off the ground

BRITONS HELPED THE COMMUNISTS WIN THE SATELLITE RACE

by Tom Cullen

THE BIG HERO at Cambridge University these days is Dr. Peter Kapitza, the Russian who designed Sputnik and got it off the ground.

In the Common Rooms, where tweedy Cambridge dons gather for sherry, they talk of nothing but the Russian satellite and its designer. And as they talk, a note of pride creeps into the voice.

Why? Because Kapitza, the wonder boy of Russian science, is a Cambridge grad. He spent 14 of the most fruitful years of his life at Cambridge's Cavendish Laboratory—years of which the Russians are now reaping the harvest.

What is more, he pursued his atomic research at Cambridge with all the facilities the British could place at his command—facilities which no amount of Russian rubles could buy at the time.

No wonder the tweedy boffins, as the British call their scientists, are puffed up with pride. Kapitza

is strictly a case of "Local Boffin Makes Good."

And a pin-up boy, too. I found photographs of Kapitza everywhere at the Cavendish Laboratory, where the atom was first split.

"I hope you aren't going to write horrid things about Kapitza," observed a white-smocked research assistant, buttonholing me in a corridor. Another physicist warned me of a book about Kapitza which has recently appeared in America. "There isn't a word of truth in it," he assured me.

Yes, Cambridge is very much on the defensive where the Soviet scientist is concerned. It's very much a closed shop, "old school tie" deal.

I discovered other things. I found that there is a pretty constant flow of British scientists to Russia to renew contact with Kapitza. As recently as 1957 a party of British physicists were Kapitza's guests in Moscow.

The traffic is all one way, however, for Kapitza has never dared set foot in Britain after having left it in such a hurry in 1934. After having taken the best in training and equipment that Britain could offer, after having picked the best of British scientific brains, so to speak, Kapitza ducked hurriedly behind the Iron Curtain.

IF CAMBRIDGE is elated over Kapitza's success with Sputnik, British government officials are not. There are red faces in the Defense Ministry, in the Foreign Office and among the men in charge of atomic energy. Sir John Cockcroft, for example. Cockcroft, who heads atomic research for the entire United Kingdom, is an old crony of Kapitza's, and worked with him at the Cavendish Laboratory. Another is the British Minister of Education, Geoffrey Lloyd. He was Kapitza's classmate at Trinity College, Cambridge.

As for Lord Halisham, chairman of the Conservative Party—he has already recorded it as a “melancholy reflection” that “We gave the Russians the Satellite.”

The Kapitza story makes sorry reading in 1958. As a cautionary tale, it belongs alongside the sagas of Klaus Fuchs, Pontecorvo and Nunn May, those other scientists who placed their brains at the disposal of the Communist dictators.

Kapitza's connection with Cambridge is well known. What is not

well known (and what successive governments have tried to hush up) is that:

1. The British government, subsidized by U. S. taxpayers' dollars, subsidized Kapitza during most of the 14 years he spent at Cambridge. Not only that, but it helped to finance a special laboratory for Kapitza to use in atomic research, research which is now paying off so handsomely to the Russians.

2. After Kapitza fled to Russia, Cambridge University sold his equipment to the Soviet government, at the latter's urgent insistence, for \$90,000. The university also sent two laboratory assistants to Moscow to help Kapitza install his equipment, and Sir John Cockcroft himself went along to lend a helping hand. Meanwhile the British government stood idly by during these negotiations.

3. The reason why the Russians were so anxious to get hold of Kapitza's Cambridge equipment was to keep it from falling into British hands.

4. Cambridge scientists, of their own volition, agreed to drop all research in Kapitza's field of low temperature physics. Why? Because it would not be “cricket” to compete with Kapitza in his own field!

The agreement gave the Russians a clear field, as far as the British were concerned, in the study of magnetic effects at low temperatures, an important branch of mod-

ern physics. What it cost Britain in terms of retarded research no one here will venture a guess.

MOST OF Kapitza's Cambridge work had a direct application to industry. One British scientist with whom I talked estimates that in failing to follow up Kapitza's research, Britain, at the very least, forfeited an early lead in developing atomic energy as a cheap source of fuel and power.

Government officials know that while Britain may not have physically given the Russians the satellite, it gave the Soviets something better—Dr. Peter Kapitza, the man who launched the satellite.

An eight-foot crocodile with gaping, saw-toothed jaws, carved on the brick wall of a Cambridge University laboratory, will remind Britons for generations to come that "Kapitza was here." I found traces of him everywhere at Cambridge, where he spent 14 years doing atomic research at British government expense.

But to return to the crocodile—it was designed by Kapitza to adorn the entrance to the Mond Physics Laboratory, specially built for Kapitza to carry on his experiments.

Its meaning? To friends Kapitza explained, "The crocodile is the only animal that cannot turn its head; therefore, like science it must go forward."

But the crocodile has other meanings. With its false tears, this ugly

animal has become a universal symbol of hypocrisy; a meaning not lost upon the Russians, who call their satirical magazine, "Krokodil." Could it be that, in adopting this mascot, Kapitza was poking sly fun at his British hosts? Was this his own way of letting the British realize what fools he had made out of them?

If so, his hosts were blissfully unaware of it the morning of February 3, 1933, when the Mond Physics Laboratory was opened. Cambridge still remembers that opening. Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, himself, was there.

Led by Sir Ernest Rutherford, the great men of physical science came in their colorful gowns to pay homage to Kapitza. Chadwick, Blackett, Cockcroft, Walton—at least six Nobel Prize winners were present.

Cambridge is full of memories of Kapitza. For never before or since has the sedate university seen anything quite like the young Russian engineer who, with cloth cap and pipe, came striding into its quadrangles in 1921. Cambridge called him the "Mad Mullah."

Whatever Cambridge may think of Kapitza as a man, it has nothing but awe and respect for him as a scientist. "A highly original mind," is the verdict of Dr. David Shoenberg, the director of the Mond Laboratory, who worked as a graduate student with Kapitza.

The late Sir Ernest Rutherford,

the great British physicist, early recognized Kapitza's genius and treated him almost as a son.

Yet signs of Kapitza's political instability were not lacking. He was the type of man who very often is more dangerous than the dedicated Communist; he was politically amoral, an opportunist, a fence jumper.

THIS SIDE of Kapitza's character was described to me by the curator of the Cavendish Laboratory museum, G. D. Crowe.

"I remember him telling me how he saw his own father shot in cold blood by the Bolsheviks," Crowe recalls. "His father was a Czarist general."

When Crowe asked him if his father's execution hadn't turned him against the Bolsheviks, Kapitza's reply, which has the ring of prophecy, was, "I'm with whomever I happen to be with at the time."

In the 1920's and early 1930's Kapitza was "with" Cambridge. To

the young engineer, the Cavendish Laboratory must have seemed the realization of a dream. For it was here that the world was being transformed.

It was here that the electron was discovered, the atom first split, the nucleus forced to yield up its secrets. Here, under one roof was the most brilliant galaxy of scientists the world has ever known: J. J. Thomson, Rutherford, Bragg, Chadwick, C. T. R. Wilson, Blackett, Powell, Cockcroft—their names are already legendary.

Meanwhile, Kapitza had married a Russian girl and showed every sign of settling down and making England his home. Then, in 1934, came the shock that rocked the scientific world. On the pretext of attending a conference in Moscow, he fled to the Soviet Union, never to return.

—From *Newspaper Enterprise Association's London Correspondent*.

Master of the Stable

Thomas Hobson, who died in 1630, ran a carrier route from Cambridge where his stables were located to London some sixty miles distant. He was well liked by the university students who rode with him. Some of the students did not possess riding horses, and Hobson, who kept extra horses, often rented them to the students. He was said to have been a pioneer in such a business as he was the first to hire out horses for riding. Since the young students often rode the horses too hard, Hobson made a rule that no horse could be selected but that each must be taken in its proper turn, thus insuring the same usage for all his "for hire" horses. Thus the term, "Hobson's Choice," came into popular usage.

—Louise Cheney



by Robert E. Walton

THE American Legion National Americanism Commission was established in 1919 as a direct result of the massacre of four members of The American Legion in a parade at Centralia, Washington, by members of a radical organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW). Since that year the Americanism program has been one of great importance and its objective has been to translate

Americanism precepts, principles and mandates to Legion Posts, and other groups and individuals, including Young America.

With the Preamble of our American Legion Constitution as our guide, we can describe true Americanism as an "Unfailing love of country, loyalty to its institutions and ideals; eagerness to defend it against all enemies; individual allegiance to the Flag; and a desire to secure the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and posterity.

"Americanism is *complete* and *unqualified* loyalty to the ideals of government set forth in the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States. It is respect for and ready obedience to duly constituted authority and the laws of the land. It is freedom without license, religion without bigotry, charity without bias, love of Flag and a readiness to defend that for which it stands against every alien and subversive influence from without or within."

Our duty to our country begins with repelling the attempts of treasonable and misguided elements in our midst from instilling alien ideologies in America; and as vigilant, patriotic citizens, detecting and exposing all subversive activities and fraudulent schemes no matter how artfully camouflaged and cleverly disguised they may be.

The National Americanism Commission has a special section de-

voting full time to subversive activities.

It is the responsibility of this section, managed in Washington and elsewhere by former FBI Legionnaires, to keep fully informed on all the latest subversive developments and techniques, and to set up and maintain a complete reference file on subversive individuals, organizations and publications in order to service Legion requests for information.

WHILE the American Legion is in no sense a law enforcing agency, it is obligated by its very nature to expose un-American activities. Our purpose is to serve and to strengthen America, and to build this great Legion of three million American War Veterans on a foundation of *positive* Constitutional Americanism, alert in each of our communities to the attempted subversion of alien ideologies, fronts or fellow-travelers.

The Nature of NATO

The present "three wise men" of NATO, appointed by the Council about a year ago to revise and expand NATO functions, are Lester Pearson of Canada, Dr. Gaetano Martino of Italy, and Dr. Halvard Lange of Norway. Pearson's well-known "softness" towards Communism became even better known through the Norman affair. Martino negotiated with Molotov a "package" deal that brought Italy into the United Nations, and he favors the admission of Red China. Lange arranged a friendship agreement in Moscow between Norway and the Soviet Union. Each of the three men is decidedly *persona grata* with the Kremlin, and it is easy to see why the Daily Worker enthusiastically cheered their appointments. It is even easier to see why Russia would not really want the shackles of NATO over its members loosened, or the collective "guidance" of the West by NATO weakened, when you consider this: In January, 1957, these "three wise men" of NATO defined the aims of the West as "finding a secure and honorable basis for competitive and ultimately cooperative co-existence with the Communist World." (We don't know whether Khrushchev wrote this platform of purposes for NATO or not, but he might as well have.) So there is what your \$284 billion handed to NATO—*more than our total admitted national debt*—is being spent to achieve.—Robert H. W. Welch, Jr., Boston, Massachusetts

Don't Let the Feds TAKE Your Gun From You

With the publication in the April, 1957, issue of The American Mercury Magazine of Karl Hess' article, *Should You Own a Gun?*, the Editors began receiving widespread information as to attempts being made to confiscate our Constitutional right to possess firearms. Among such facts, little appreciated by the citizens of our Republic—or as yet even by Congress—is an attempt, within the Treasury Department, Washington, to prepare and issue an arbitrary Treasury Department "Regulation" requiring the owners of firearms to register their guns with this federal agency despite the ruling of your state laws. This attempt to compile a *dossier* on all gun owners in the United States, and to circumvent State laws by a Washington "regulation," can prove very dangerous.

For that reason we are reprinting portions of the warning we published last year. Complete reprints of *Should You Own a Gun?* can be obtained from The American Mercury at our usual minimum reprint prices. Mr. Hess' analysis, even more important in 1958 than it was in 1957, follows:

IT WAS the "idea" of freedom that inflamed the colonies against a foreign ruler. But it was the long rifle, lovingly bored at Pennsylvania forges, and skilfully carried into the central woodlands, that brought freedom to America.

Freedom is never *thought* into existence. It is fought into existence. And that is the way it is kept—by men with the arms to protect their liberties.

When the enslaved East Germans briefly rioted against the Red overlords, they threw a few bricks, made some classic pictures of defiance, then lapsed back into unarmed slavery. In Hungary there were guns. If there had been more there might even have been, at the end of the fighting, Hungarian freedom. There was the urge for freedom. But there weren't enough guns.

The fact of freedom, therefore, when stripped to its steel center, is just this: Who has the guns? The *idea* of freedom runs into the grim question: Who has the guns? If everyone has them, then a *ballot* becomes not only possible but inevitable. If only a few have them,

a dictatorship becomes tempting. Bullets kill off ballots.

But what of America, a nation in which laws have been substituted for the power of arms? Should you own a gun? There is an increasing tendency, on the part of bureaucrats, to answer that question with a legalistic "no." Each year as many as 300 laws affecting the ownership and use of guns go into legislative hoppers. Each year the number of laws that would restrict ownership of guns increases. Many of these restrictive laws concern registration of firearms. It is with such laws, that would list the ownership of all firearms, that a consideration of the question of whether you should own a gun may begin.

FIRST OF ALL, why is firearms registration sought? The publicly stated reason is that it permits the police to trace firearms used in crimes. One touch of logic and that reason crumbles. Guns used in crimes are, by definition, owned by criminals. The professional criminal, law or no law, would *not* use a firearm registered to himself. He would use a stolen weapon or one purchased through a black market non-registered source. Only a sudden crime of passion would, ordinarily, involve a properly registered and identifiable gun. In such crimes, it is rarely a problem to trace the person responsible.

What could be the fundamental

reasons for registering firearms? There are two: it tends to give some central authority, usually the police, the power not only to keep tabs on who has a gun but on who may be given *permission* to have a gun. Secondly, it makes it possible for a central authority, if it ever desires, to seize those guns.

Wherever a government requires the registration of firearms it has, wittingly or not, set the stage for the easy usurpation of power by a central political force—to enter your home and take your gun from you.

In an exposition of "Theses and Statutes of the Communist International," there are these illuminating looks at gun laws as seen through Red glasses:

"To prepare for an assumption of power, the Party carries on propaganda in favor of increasingly radical transition slogans—for workers' control of industry, for the seizure of big landed properties, for disarming the bourgeoisie, and arming the proletariat . . .".

To take over the farms, "the most numerous element of the bourgeois class," the Party must "prepare the necessary force for the *disarming* of every single man of this class."

J. Edgar Hoover, speaking on December 10, 1945, indicated his own realistic appreciation of the part played in Communist plans by guns—a fact often obscured by the misleading emphasis on "ideas." Hoover put it this way:

"The Fascist-minded tyrant whom we have conquered on the battlefield is no different from the American Communist corruptionist who now uses the tricks of the confidence man, until his forces are sufficiently strong to rise with arms in revolt."

Congress too has shown some extremely sensitive awareness of the importance of gun ownership in a free land. During the Second World War, when the Administration's War Powers Act was passed, the Congress specifically inserted an amendment prohibiting the requisitioning or registration of privately owned firearms. Such lists, they reasoned, would be a danger should a conqueror ever come.

PRIMARILY affected by firearms legislation in this country are some 14,000,000 persons who use guns in hunting. But, added to them, are millions of non-hunters who keep guns for home protection, for target shooting, as collectors, or just "to have one around."

The second article of the Bill of Rights gives to each of us the right to "have one around." It says that "a well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, *the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.*"

In the vagaries of our separate judicial systems, however, that right has been severely abridged and, so far, there has been no successful

attempt generally to diminish those abridgments—instead, they continue and increase.

Today, in 31 of our 48 states there are some positive state restrictions on the free ownership of firearms, particularly pistols. Seventeen states, rather than restrict ownership, rely on a prohibition against unauthorized "concealment" of weapons. They do not question the right to own, only illicitly to conceal the weapon. In New York state, with the highest crime rate of any state, there is, significantly perhaps, the most restrictive gun law. It requires a license even to own, much less carry a pistol and, in recent sessions of the legislature in that state, there has been pressure for a law that would even require a license to buy ammunition. Meantime, of course, the rate of criminal ownership of guns continues unabated in New York and crime flourishes.

Responsible shooting clubs and gun groups such as the National Rifle Association, with its 300,000 members, have never objected to laws that do place an emphasis on punishing criminal use of firearms. But they have fought and continue to fight laws that restrict the honest ownership of firearms.

The National Rifle Association which, incidentally, is the oldest major sporting organization in the land, has put it this way in an official policy statement:

"The NRA has as much interest

in protecting our citizenry against armed assault as do the police themselves. The NRA has as great an interest in preventing gun accidents as any parent. On the other hand, the NRA has a primary interest in seeing that our loyal and law-abiding citizens have the right to have and bear arms for their personal protection, for recreation, and for the national defense."

Taking those matters—protection, recreation, national defense—there are these points to be considered: Does the ownership of guns stimulate crime? New York's sad example, with the toughest gun laws and the most notorious crime rate, is a good answer. Peaceful Vermont, by contrast, has just about the least restrictive gun-law situation of any state. It simply has no law concerning guns, except that they not be used in crimes.

Great Britain provides another significant example. There has been, since 1921, an almost total restriction on gun ownership there—rifles or pistols or even shot-guns.

The results of the British restrictions have been striking. Crimes of violence have soared upward ever since the law was passed. Recently, the London Daily Mirror said: "The shadow of the gunman lies across Britain for the plain reason that any criminal or any fool can easily get a gun." The honest, law-abiding British citizen—the victim of the criminals—can't have a gun!

Britain's restrictive policies also have had effects in another area—defense. At the beginning of the Second World War, Britain was so stripped of small arms that it had to advertise in America for gifts of guns with which Englishmen could protect their homes and shores. The British Army, itself, experienced grave difficulties in training men to whom the primary weapons of war—small arms—were completely alien.

IN THIS country, although the situation is much better, it is not perfect. In the Second World War a dangerously small percentage of the men taken into the armed forces showed familiarity with firearms—and this in a land that was once called "a nation of riflemen." Today, defense authorities are so mindful of the need to have a civilian population versed in firearms use that a special all-services board for the promotion of civilian marksmanship expends hundreds of thousands of dollars a year in giving free supplies to shooting clubs whose members will qualify with service arms.

Yet, pressure groups with deceptive slogans continue to grind away at the American right to own and bear arms. Should you own a gun? Looked at seriously, there are emphatic reasons why you should.

First, there is the crime and safety reason. Crime rates do *not* go down when the citizenry is dis-

armed. They go up. Next there is the reason of national defense. Nations such as Switzerland have relied for years on an armed and gun-wise citizenry as their first line of defense. Swiss citizens traditionally keep rifles in their homes—always are prepared to mobilize into a defense corps. And Swiss citizens have remained free for many, many, years.

FINALLY, there is the matter of the sort of freedom for which America stands. It is a freedom of individual men. It is a freedom of individual responsibility and individual rights. It abhors the collective, effete “safeties” of older, tired nations in which the people must be “protected” from themselves by having their arms confiscated. It is a freedom which, if ever threatened, would be fought for on every American doorstep.

Our republic obtained its free-

dom through gunfire and has preserved its liberties with gunfire when necessary. Within our homes we have the Constitutional right to possess arms. It is not only Congress that we must alert to any attempt to rob us of this sovereign right but our State legislatures. And we must now be on the alert for any attempt of bureaucratic Washington agencies—without a specific law of Congress—to assume the right to issue Executive orders or restrictions which in themselves may, someday, be claimed to serve as “law” against the citizen-ownership and use of firearms. There is nothing in the Constitution that gives any Executive Department in Washington, or any Cabinet Officer, any authority to issue firearm restrictions. But some of them have plans for so doing.

Write your Senator and Congressman to force public light on any such 1958 attempt.

The Final Word

Sure we agreed we'd flip a coin. Let's make it two out of three.

There's no question in my mind. But we'd better appoint a committee to report back after study.

So it's never been done before; we're going to do it. I'll leave the details to you.

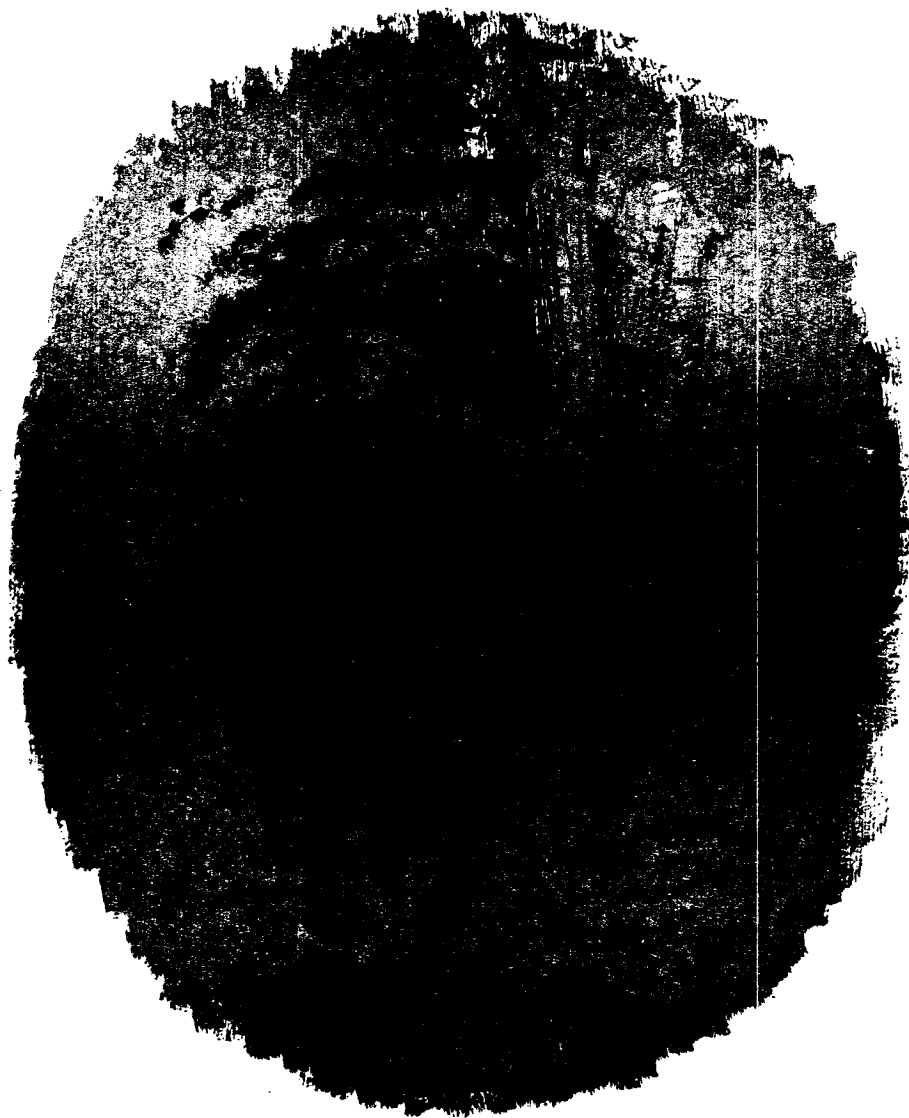
You fellows work on it some more. I've got another meeting.

Spare no expense. This has to be the greatest! I want only the best, and plenty of it. Just stay within the budget.

There's something wrong somewhere. Mull it over and bring me the answer in a couple of days.

There's absolutely no reason why you shouldn't. But you'll have to ask your mother.

—G. Norman Collic



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Her mission was long, perilous
and vitally important—but her
name was not poetic.

The Girl Who Outrode Paul Revere

by

Noel Wical

ON HIS midnight ride, Paul Revere was equipped with a speedy horse, a talent for derring-do, and a sense of a man on a mission. Also, he had something else—a poetic name.

A 16-year-old girl, in those Revolutionary times, went out on a night ride just as important and perilous—and three times as long. She had many of Revere's qualities, but her name was not as musical. It was Sybil Ludington.

In one of those whims of history and literature, the Boston silversmith is a legend, while Sybil is practically unknown. Few persons outside of Putnam County, in New York State, know of her.

The oldest of twelve children, Sybil was the daughter of Colonel Henry Ludington, who commanded a volunteer regiment in his home village of Fredericksburg, now called Ludingtonville, five miles from Carmel. His regiment guarded all of present Putnam County, from the Connecticut line to the Hudson bluffs. His drill

ground was opposite the Ludington home where Sybil, after hurrying her kitchen chores, came to watch and admire.

On the evening of April 25, a force of 2,000 Redcoats landed at Westport, Connecticut, and marched inland. They raided Danbury, and wrecked medical supplies and provisions and tents stored there for the Continental Army. Private homes were in flames.

Messengers sped out from Danbury in all directions to get help. One pounded up to the door of Colonel Ludington's house just before bedtime. The colonel's regiment of 421 officers and men, after serving in the Hudson Highlands, near Tarrytown and Peekskill, were on furlough.

"Can you muster 'em, colonel?" the dusty messenger pleaded. "Danbury's crackling like a campfire. No telling where the Redcoats are headed next."

Colonel Ludington thought for one moment. He had no neighbors within call. He himself couldn't

leave because he must stay and muster the men as they came in. Finally, he called upstairs, where Sybil was helping put some of the younger children to bed.

"Sybil," he said, "there's a risky job to be done tonight. It's not going to be easy, and it may take till morning. Do you think you could do it?"

The wide-eyed girl, who had only become sixteen a few days before, got ready while her father went for the family's saddle horse. The colonel gave his daughter a strong embrace, and she clattered off down the road into the blackness.

The night ride was hazardous for even an armed man. The region of several hundred square miles was one of isolated farms and tiny settlements. It was a place of treachery, a disputed land between British forces on the rim of New York City and the American garrisons along the Hudson. Bushwhackers and outlaws, many of them army deserters, lay in wait to molest and rob travelers on the dense trails.

Sybil, her dress and long hair whipping in the wind, banged on one door after another, often shouting at the windows: "There's trouble. Bring your gun. The British are burning Danbury. The colonel wants you right away."

When she got back home at daybreak, Sybil saw that practically the whole regiment had assembled in

the drill field across from the Ludington house. She smiled at her father as she slid from the saddle. The colonel gripped her shoulder a moment and sent her up to bed. Then he turned and marched the makeshift regiment against the invaders.

IN A FEW hours, Colonel Ludington's volunteers joined other forces, and, although heavily outnumbered, they jolted the British at Ridgefield, Connecticut. The enemy was hammered back to the Westport beach and many drowned while scrambling for boats.

Colonel Ludington and his men returned to their farms where they kept muskets near their plows, ready always to protect their flank of the Hudson.

Sybil, her night of heroism over, found new, though less spectacular war excitements, say regional and family historians. There was a letter from Alexander Hamilton to Colonel Ludington praising Sybil for her bravery. High-ranking officers stopped at the Ludington home. General Washington himself came; also General Rochambeau, the military genius loaned to America by France. Washington is believed to have made his headquarters at the Ludington's in the fall of 1778.

When she was 23, Sybil married her girlhood beau, Edmond Ogden, and they had six children. Her two sons became military men and

served with honor in the United States Army.

The only monument to Sybil is a modest headstone in the old cemetery of Revolutionary Presbyterians and Episcopalians, near Patterson, New York. The inscription says:

"In memory of Sibelle Ludington, wife of Edmond Ogden, who died February 26, 1839. Age 77 years, 10 months, and 13 days."

But nowhere is the deed of this girl Revere told in stone. And no Longfellow sings of this heroine.

Old Joe

On the outskirts of Foresthill, California, there's a weatherbeaten grave marker that simply says "Old Joe." By the grave you'll see a small flag planted in the ground, and sometimes there are flowers too.

This is rather remarkable since Old Joe didn't have a family and is just remembered by the people of the community. Actually nobody there really knew him. He died way back in 1901, more than half a century ago.

Old Joe was a horse for the Wells Fargo stagecoach that carried gold bullion out of Foresthill, a gold mining center of those days.

The community of Foresthill was already in a festive mood that July 3rd. Back then, Independence Day was really celebrated, so much so that it generally lasted anywhere from a week to 10 days. Gay spirits were already in evidence but the community was to come in for a sobering shock before the day was over. As the Fargo coach, on a routine bullion-hauling mission, paused for a moment at the foot of a hill before beginning the climb, a bandit, a bandana covering most of his face, stepped from behind an oak tree, pointed a gun at the stage coach driver and ordered the box of gold tossed to him.

In the face of the brandished gun and the threatening voice, Old Joe's brave response was to try to go up the hill. He didn't get very far. The robber's gun blasted away. Old Joe stopped short in his tracks, then keeled over, mortally wounded.

The bandit grabbed the box of gold, jumped on his horse and rode away, never to be caught.

The Fourth of July crowd in Foresthill, angry at what had happened, formed a posse and went after the bandit. Some of the men, touched by the heroism of the horse, stayed behind and went to the scene of the holdup. They dug a grave for Old Joe and buried the horse with reverence. Flowers and a flag were placed on his grave.

All through the years—now some 56—Old Joe has never been forgotten. School children still remember to put flowers on his grave and when the flag becomes somewhat worn and faded somebody always puts a new one there. If someone is truly brave and faithful to his duty, even a horse, he is never really forgotten.—Harold Helfer



Our States Must Remain Sovereign!

SO MUCH more is involved at Little Rock than the racial integration of a high school that the question of whether the Negro pupils are in or out has become of minor importance. Indeed, the true nature of the crisis at hand has been so obscured that one despairs of ever making it clear that when Southern spokesmen say the President is wrong, they are not contending that "mob rule" is right.

This is no quarrel over whether law and order shall prevail. Of course law and order must prevail. The questions at stake in this constitutional crisis go to the nature of law and the responsibility for order, and unless these issues are pondered hard by liberals and conservatives alike—by Southerners and Northerners alike—we must fall victims, all of us together, to a catastrophe of appalling dimensions. The awful possibility is emerging that one day men will say: Here, at Little Rock, in September, 1957, the old American Union died and a police state was born.

By "the nature of law," we have

in mind the processes by which law comes into being in the United States of America. The theory most of us were taught as children is that the people within their States are the fountainhead of all law in this country. The people created the States, and the States in turn created the Federal Union, but at every step of the way the people undertook to provide sure checks and balances against the abuse of power. Thus the people within each State retained the right to rewrite the Constitution of their State as they pleased; and thus the States themselves, three-fourths concurring, reserved the power to rewrite the Constitution of the Union.

By this process, it was thought, government would operate only by the consent of the governed. The States would legislate in one sphere, the Federal authority in another; men would be citizens both of the United States and of the State in which they resided; the powers vested in separate executive, legislative and judicial branches of each government would be carefully

checked one against the other. And serving as the ultimate restraint upon the abuse of power could be the command that three things only would comprise "the supreme law of the land," and these were (1) the Constitution, (2) the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, and (3) treaties made under the authority of the United States.

THIS was the grand plan, and the tragedy of these past several years, culminating in Little Rock, goes far beyond what is happening to school children. The tragedy lies in what is happening to the grand plan. It is falling to pieces, and one of the most dismaying aspects of the widening destruction is that good men who should be protesting—the more prominent "liberals" of our society—are not protesting at all. They are wildly applauding. The essential safeguards of a free society are being swept away, and under the hypnotic spell of "maintaining law and order" or in "upholding the rights of the Negroes," men who should know better are clapping their hands. "The people never give up their liberties," said Burke, "but under some delusion." Never was his aphorism better illustrated.

The authority invested in the Supreme Court is to interpret the Constitution, not to amend it, but the court has seized this power from the States.

The responsibility for maintaining public order lies with the States, but the President has taken this upon himself.

The power to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment by appropriate legislation was vested in the Congress, yet the high court has snatched this power from the legislative branch.

The duty imposed upon a President by the Constitution is to take care "that the laws be faithfully executed," but no laws of the United States are in jeopardy at Little Rock.

The three branches of Federal government presumably are co-equal, but this principle has been lost sight of.

The very basis of our individual rights and freedoms, said Mr. Eisenhower, in one of the most ominous sentences ever drafted, "is the certainty that the President and the executive branch of government will support and insure the carrying out of the decisions of the Federal courts, even, when necessary, with all the means at the President's command." This extraordinary obeisance by the executive to the judiciary, implicitly pledging the use of troops to enforce any decision five out of nine men may make, ties together the army and the judges in a union of terribly potential power.

We would ask the laboring men of the country:

Where do you stand in all this?

Do you want Federal troops brought in to break a strike?

We would ask the free press of this country, so busy now in lauding the President: Where will you stand if five of nine men should decree that a critical newspaper is "interfering" with a court decree and must be padlocked by Federal troops?

We would ask State Legislators across the land: How do you propose to safeguard the interests of your own people if an unchecked judicial oligarchy may rewrite the Constitution by its own decrees?

The people of Little Rock, some of them, lost their tempers. There were fights, taunts, jeers, a disorderly mob. But no one had been killed. The violence was less than Harlem sees on any Saturday night.

Integration was proceeding elsewhere in Arkansas. On Tuesday, the only "mob" that "refused to disperse" was a quiet gathering, composed largely of white mothers with their infant children. Local police had made a number of arrests. The court had full authority to deputize additional marshals if they were needed.

THAT was the situation when Mr. Eisenhower pulled the string and sent in the paratroopers. He may be the best of all men, but he set the worst of all precedents. In executing the "laws" passed by judges through the brutal symbol of the bayonet, he has raised a platform on which tyrants may stand.—From *The Richmond News Leader*, Richmond, Virginia.

The Ladies, God Bless 'Em!

When an armed convict, chased by a posse, burst into the home of Miss Louise Freeland at Kingman, Ariz., she demanded that he drop his gun, then led him outside to lawmen. She explained: "I didn't want to see him shot, he'd probably have bloodied up my favorite chair."

A woman phoned the Nashua, N. H. fire department and asked to speak to Chief Albert Tanguay to report a fire. She was told it wasn't necessary that she give the alarm to him in person. "I know," she said. "But I'm his wife and I just wanted him to know it was his house."

Jailed for reckless driving after her car overturned, a Waco, Texas, woman declared staunchly: "This is my automobile and it is my prerogative to turn it over where and when I please."

At Hartford, Connecticut, a pioneer suffragette explained why she had begun to fight for woman's right to vote: "In the early 1900's only two groups weren't allowed to vote, the idiots and the women. I didn't like the grouping."

—HAROLD HELFER

This Is What They Said

► No matter how enticing the mask it wears, no matter how seductive its promises, the fruits of communism inescapably and inevitably are evil.—J. Edgar Hoover

► We are looking potential catastrophe in the face—a Bolshevik Russia, with the largest victorious army in Europe, dictating the peace; a partially bankrupt and semi-Bolshevized England cooperating in an alliance, the United States being allowed to finance that alliance. In the United States, some of our planners visualize a personal Utopia under which nearly everything is subsidized, all the people of the United States bonused or pensioned—the cost of which is to be sucked out of accumulated wealth and business. That would mean the end, surely, to the American system of economics, the rapid decline in the purchasing power of the dollar, both at home and abroad.—William LaVarre, Feb. 9, 1944, in his report to the U.S. Senate

► Red China is so anxious for a seat in the United Nations. Couldn't we just give them ours?—Robert H. W. Welch, Jr.

► The United States is making greater strides toward socialism under Eisenhower than even under Roosevelt.—Norman Thomas

► Never have so many understood so little about so much. The average United States family owes six thousand dollars on the recognized national debt. The vast majority do not even know they owe it, much less how the debt got there, or how it will be paid.—Dr. Medford Evans

► The more corrupt the State, the more laws.—Tacitus

► What is wrong with our foreign aid program is simply this—it is wrong from top to bottom. It starts from the wrong place, and travels rapidly in the wrong direction. It is not only wasting billions of the national wealth, wrung by our labor from the farms and factories, railroads and offices of our country. The great giveaway closes the door on

every bit of real talent for sound leadership the American people have exhibited in other crises of world history. . . . Our earlier efforts to do the *right* thing, and let world opinion follow, carried us to far greater heights of influence over the world than our present undignified race to give away American capital.—Senator William E. Jenner

► Final battle for Christianity will be over the money problem. Until it is solved there can be no universal application of Christianity.—Balzac

► We will never destroy the Christian religion until we first destroy the Christian Sunday.—Voltaire

► Reform must come from within, not from without. You cannot legislate for virtue.—Cardinal James Gibbons

► By standing our ground we are not only immuring ourselves against real world-wide conflagration but are also giving hope of ultimate freedom, courage, spiritual aid and moral comfort to our captive countrymen and their families on the Chinese mainland. From bastion Formosa the trumpets of justice and freedom will continue to sound clear, without moral cowardice, until the walls of Communist Jericho come tumbling down.—Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Taipei, Formosa

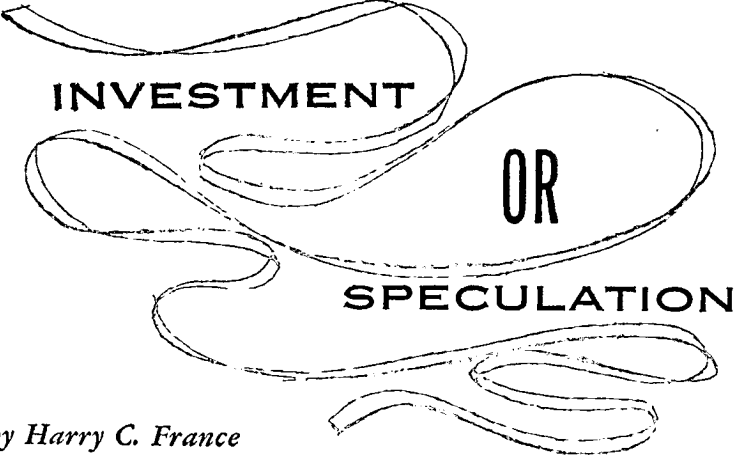
► I am convinced that Christians, both Protestant and Catholic, must unite if we are to save the world from moral and spiritual decay, which is always the prelude to material destruction.—Archbishop Richard J. Cushing

► Whatever you do, you need courage. Whatever course you decide upon, there is always someone to tell you you are doing wrong. There are always difficulties arising which tempt you to believe that your critics are right. To map out a course of action and follow it to the end, requires some of the same courage which a soldier needs. Peace has its victories, but it takes brave men to win them.—Emerson

► Unless we bring God into the classroom and make Him the center of education, we are not preparing our young people for their roles in a Christian Society.—Billy Graham

► As I watch the American nation speeding gaily, with inevitable optimism down the road to destruction, I seem to be contemplating the greatest tragedy in the history of mankind.—Professor McDougal, Harvard University

Don't be a stock-trading Jitter-bug!



INVESTMENT

OR

SPECULATION

by Harry C. France

TWENTY years ago, Jane and Janet Jones (their names only are fictitious) each inherited \$25,000 from their father. Both were inexperienced investors. Jane took her problem to an investment counselor with whom she made an arrangement for a year at a fee of \$150. Janet opened an account with a reputable New York Stock Exchange firm. The manager of the office assigned a customers' broker to help her.

Jane's adviser suggested that her \$25,000 fund be split up in five or six parts and used to buy securities of representative corporations. This was done. She purchased the common shares of Amerada, American Telephone and Telegraph, Du Pont, General Motors, and General Electric.

She has held these securities for two decades. Not a share of her

original stock has been sold. There have been stock dividends and split-ups galore in these equities. Inflation and the economic growth of America have combined to increase her initial \$25,000 fortune to more than \$150,000 and now, in retirement, Jane's annual income on a cost basis is fabulous.

Jane really doesn't need an investment counselor any more. Reading the economic reports she receives from the corporations in which she is a stockholder, and studying other financial data in newspapers, has given her an ability to judge security values. She retains a counselor at a nominal yearly fee only because she wants to get his judgment of her affairs.

Janet took her \$25,000 and, with the promise of big things, opened a brokerage account. She started chasing speculative rainbows at

once. Under the guidance of the customers' broker, she bought and sold shares to his delight. She would make \$1,000 in a hurry and then lose \$800 in a jiffy. Occasionally, when she had become too enthusiastic in her trading, she would get a margin call, for she was in debt to the broker.

Right now, Janet is sitting about five hours daily, watching the lively ticker tape, and speculation has become a part of her personality. Alternately, she is optimistic or gloomy, with her emotions corresponding to the ups and downs of prices on the stock market.

The other day, Janet went to see her sister, Jane. Jane, calm and composed while living in retirement in the country, suggested that Janet see a psychiatrist about her nervous condition.

Janet was indignant at the suggestion. She blurted out: "If I had your wealth, I wouldn't be nervous!"

SPECULATION of the kind in which Janet has been putting her money can become a habit. Today she is carrying in her account a group of securities that might go through the roof in price or might fall into the cellar.

The net equity in her account just now is about \$55,000. The income (dividend) is not sufficient to give her a good standard of living. She consoles herself in the thought that while her investment

experience can't compare with Jane's, she still has 100 percent more than she inherited.

This story of two sisters brings up the question of vital importance to millions of investors: What are common stocks for?

Are they vehicles of sound investment that people buy with their savings and inherited capital for the purpose of receiving a fair and dependable income, and of growing with a dynamic economy?

Janet Jones thought so.

Or are they instruments of finance to be bought and sold for speculative gain, as merchants buy and sell merchandise?

Janet Jones thought so.

In twenty years, most of the sound common stocks of America's best corporations have appreciated from 300 to 2,000 percent. Jane Jones has been on the receiving end of that appreciation. She has paid a competent adviser from \$150 to \$300 a year for counsel. She has sold no shares. Trading could have been her worst enemy. Her wealth has increased by 600 percent.

Janet Jones has become a trading jitter-bug. Everything she owns is for sale. Her financial position is not sound. Today, the prices of five of her margined stocks are \$55, \$67, \$29, \$37, and \$30. If three of those stocks go up an average of 3 points, and two of them are held to a point loss, next week the broker stands to do \$175 in commissions. After paying these and

taxes, she will have made \$400 and, since they are short-term capital gains, the government will take \$200 of them.

Then, in a week or two, with \$22,000 available buying power, and at the suggestion of her customers' broker, she will buy 500 additional shares and pay brokerage fees of \$175.

Last year, her brokerage commissions and tax costs totalled twice her own invested income. Her financial operations over a two decade period have been like that, and today she is an inveterate speculator instead of a sound investor. Chasing rainbows has become a habit.

EVERY INVESTOR in America needs counsel and advice. The question is: From whom should one get help?

Janet's customers' broker makes at least \$10,000 a year. His firm bases his salary on a $\frac{2}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{3}$ division of the gross commissions. Thus, to earn \$10,000 a year, he must turn in \$30,000 in commissions. There are five trading days in every week, and, since he takes a month's vacation every year, he must produce \$120 of commission business on the average every trading day.

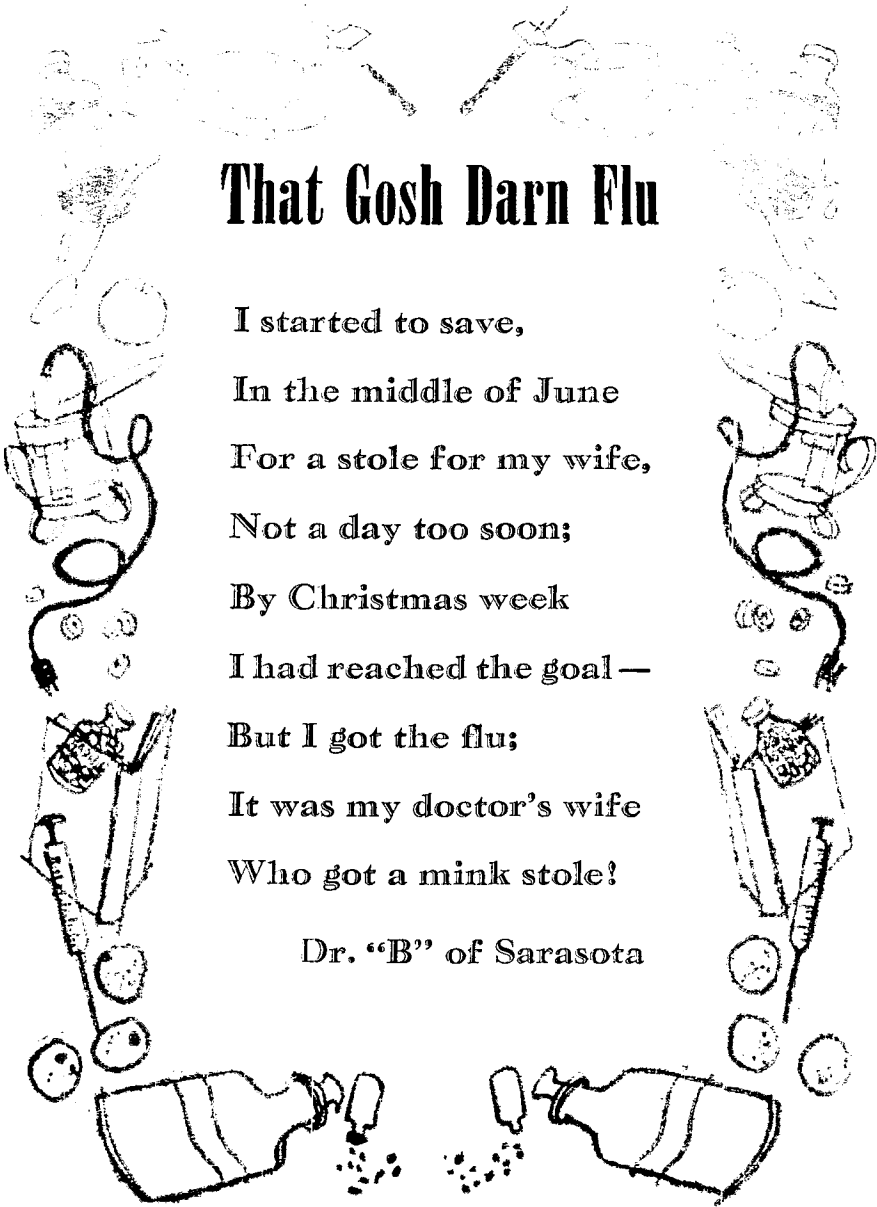
To earn his salary, he must have many clients like Janet Jones. Furthermore, unless he has an army of clients, he had better inoculate them with a speculative germ.

Brokers do not pay salaries to workers who don't produce. Even if his intentions are of the best, speculation—not investment—is in the very center of the customers' broker's daily work.

Jane's brokerage commissions are practically nil. A few minor decisions must be made every year. She now owns twenty sound stocks. Her counselor reviews them three or four times annually but few changes are made. Selling or buying rights, increasing the number of shares and investing surplus funds pretty well covers his functions.

Competent investment service is needed in America. Today, there are about 1,000 independent investment counselors—persons of the character, integrity, and knowledge of Jane Jones' adviser. Each can easily handle 200 clients. Once a sound portfolio is established, it does not require day by day and week by week analysis. The investors in America could employ 25,000 competent counselors today.

Every college and university in America having a division of Business Administration should offer—perhaps to seniors only—a course in investment counseling. The subjects should be economics, corporation finance, accounting, and security analysis. Then an "internship" under competent direction in a counselor's office should enable a young person to render a needed investment service.



That Gosh Darn Flu

I started to save,
In the middle of June
For a stole for my wife,
Not a day too soon;
By Christmas week
I had reached the goal—
But I got the flu;
It was my doctor's wife
Who got a mink stole!

Dr. "B" of Sarasota

*For Peace in the Middle East
here is the Positive Problem*

WE ARABS ARE SOVEREIGN STATES TOO !

By His Excellency Ahmad Shukairy, Minister of State and United Nations Affairs, and Chairman of the Saudi Arabian Delegation to the United Nations

I COME to deal with the Palestine problem, a question that has been referred to and dealt with by many representatives in their speeches. On this issue we have a radical approach to place before the Assembly. We must strike at, and not around, the bush. We do not mean to be offensive, but the Palestine problem, which has been described by many delegates as the keg of powder for a global conflict, should not be treated in sugar-coated and sweet expressions.

The Palestine question is the center of gravity in the whole situation of the Middle East, with its resources, its strategic position and its location in the heart of this troubled world. By this year, the Palestine question enters its second decade since it was first seized by the United Nations. With Israel's defiance, it was made a decade of fruitless conciliation and fruitless mediation, a decade

of mounting tension characterized by military raids, violations of the Armistice Agreement and breaches of the Charter. These are matters of record in the books of the General Assembly or the Security Council. It is no use denying these facts; they are the facts and we must face them.

When the Palestine issue was first brought before the United Nations in 1947, the dispute was between two communities. Later it developed to a regional level, but recently it extended to international horizons.

The question may be asked, what is wrong in the whole situation? Answering simply but candidly, the wrong is Israel and Israel is the wrong.

Israel was established against the will of the people of the land. Israel was wedged in the sub-continent of the Arab people against their determined refusal.

The initial assumption—and I invite the attention of the Assembly now to this initial assumption—upon which the General Assembly recommended the creation of Israel was that partition would separate two conflicting communities. Succeeding events have vitiated this assumption: Instead of removing the evil, partition led to evil and conflict, but in greater proportions. In the words of the representative of the United States, while advocating partition before the General Assembly in 1947, the boundary between Israel and the Arab States “will be as friendly as the boundary which runs for three thousand miles between Canada and the United States.”

IT IS NOW for the United States and Canada to judge whether the armistice lines between Israel and the Arab States are “as friendly as the boundary which runs for three thousand miles between Canada and the United States.” This assumption has collapsed mercilessly. We might better recollect the words that fell at that time from the lips of the representative of Canada when he said: “We support the plan with heavy hearts and many misgivings.” What great misgivings have we encountered and how heavy are the hearts of the peoples of the world today!

In his statement before the Assembly, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd referred

to the policy of the Soviet Union on the Palestine question as one of opportunism; the policy of the Soviet Union hinges, with regard to Palestine, on this pivot, a pivot of opportunism. Well, there should be an opportunity before there is opportunism. We cannot conceive of opportunism unless a state of opportunity exists. I should like to ask; who has provided the opportunity? Who has provided the opportunity for opportunism? The author of an opportunity should not complain of opportunism—here in the General Assembly at least, where people can remember the positions of various delegations.

In the effort to support one plan, one solution or the other, one cannot stand here before the General Assembly and complain of opportunism. I do not wish to dwell, in one way or the other, on the policy of the Soviet Union with regard to the Palestine question. Whether it is opportunist or not, this is outside the relevant issue as we see it now. But if one stands before the Assembly to complain of opportunism, I think he must come with clean hands.

What, now, is the way out? It is no use talking about the past. What is the way out? This is a legitimate question; I think that it must be answered. The answer is very simple—if there is a will to accept the answer and to implement its implications.

I TRUST that my colleagues do seriously realize the gravity of the situation. We are not here just to make eloquent speeches; we are not a debating society. If the world is to be thrown into a third world war, which God forbid—everybody in the Middle East in the Arab world would lift his hands to the heavens to save the world from a catastrophe, the stage for which is already set in the Middle East—it would not come from the Far East; it would not come from Europe; it would come from the

Middle East *with* Palestine as the powder keg.

Here is Israel with Zionism behind it to support aggression and expansion. Here is Zionism, that invaded a country, displaced a people, disturbed the peace of a region, and destroyed the loyalty of Jewish citizens to their homelands. Here is an expansionist movement that engineers the establishment of "Great Israel" between the Nile and the Euphrates.

Yet, the way out is still open before the General Assembly. To

Lloyd George's Belated 1936 Explanation

To the British House of Commons, June 19, 1936,
when Zionist expansions in the Holy Land had
begun to arouse British misgivings

The obligations of the (Palestine) Mandate are specific and definite. They are to encourage the establishment of a national home for the Jews *without detriment to any of the rights of the Arab population.*

I agree that it is a dual undertaking, and we must see that both parts of the Mandate are thoroughly enforced. But look at the conditions under which we entered into it: It was one of the darkest periods of the war when Mr. Balfour prepared his Declaration. Let me recall the circumstances to the House: At the time the French army had mutinied, the Italian army was on the eve of collapse and America had hardly started preparing in earnest. There was nothing left but Britain confronting the most powerful military combination the world has ever seen; it was important for us to seek every legitimate help we could get. We came to the conclusion, from information we received from every part of the world, that it was vital we should have the sympathies of the Jewish community

We decided that it was desirable to secure the sympathy and cooperation of that most remarkable community, the Jews throughout the world. They were helpful in America and in Russia—which at that moment was just walking out and leaving us alone.

avoid a great catastrophe, the United Nations must reverse the course of action that has brought about this dilemma. We either pull back from the abyss or fall asunder. To accept the *de facto* situation is resignation and surrender on the part of the United Nations.

To begin with, the Palestine Arab refugees must be allowed to go back to their homes. Repatriation is their inherent right and one which they are determined to exercise. All plans for resettlement or integration away from their homes have failed, since they were wholly unacceptable.

In the second place, Zionism must be outlawed anywhere and everywhere. It is an unlawful movement destroying friendly relations among nations. It is forging an *alien* allegiance in betrayal of allegiance to the sacred concept of home. All funds of Zionist organizations should pass to charitable, social or educational institutions of the Jewish communities

in their respective countries.

In the third place, a United Nations agency should be established to facilitate the repatriation of the Israelis to their former homes. Thousands of Israelis, frustrated and deceived as they are, urgently strive to go back to

their native homelands in Europe and elsewhere, lacking only the means and facilities. To them, Palestine is not their home. They are the victims of the greatest disillusionment ever recorded in the history of mankind. And I am not speaking of abstract contentions or allegations.

In July of this year a United Press correspondent reported from Jerusalem that only recently 80,000 Jews have

migrated from Israel to settle abroad for the rest of their lives. Now this is the key to the Palestine problem. Thousands and thousands of Jews in Israel are eager for a chance to pull out of Israel. A United Nations agency for the settlement of these refugees and their reintegration

World War I cost approximately 12,991,000 lives. . . . In the opinion of Lord Cecil and General Smuts, the League of Nations and a Jewish Palestine are the two greatest positive results.

Samuel Landman.

I consider that they (the Jews) have no more claim to Palestine than the modern Italians to Britain, or the Moors to Southern Spain.

From a letter to Winston Churchill from Lord Sydenham, August, 1922.

The determining factor which finally seduced Wilson to abandon his fight for peace was the concentrated drive of the Zionists.

Harold Nicholson.

tion in their former countries is a humanitarian necessity. It is a basic step in the right direction to normalize the situation. Jewish immigration into Palestine has always been one of the main grounds for tension in the Middle East. With the passing of the Nazi and Fascist regimes, Jews in Israel look forward to picking up again their threads in Europe, if only financial facilities could be provided.

Here is the chance for the United Nations to help the Jewish masses in Israel to join their families in their countries of origin. Here is the challenge for Jewish organizations to assist in this great human task. It is only the tyranny of Israel which is keeping these people in this concentration camp called Israel.

With this plan accepted and put into action, the Holy Land would

again be set for serenity and tranquility.

We do not propose to throw the Jews into the sea. We wish them a better and happier life in their

homelands, where they can settle under United Nations auspices. Those Jews, the legitimate inhabitants of Palestine, who remain in the country can join with their Moslem and Christian fellow inhabitants in a new life with amity and prosperity, shaping their political future in accordance with the best democratic institutions. Without statehood, the Jews flourish wherever they may be.

As far as the Arab world is concerned, the best I can say are the words

uttered in the French National Assembly at the time of the French Revolution: "To the Jews as a nation we grant nothing, to the jews as men we grant all." In all sincer-

Churchill's 1922 Philosophy

Before the British House of
Commons, July 4, 1922:

Pledges and promises were made during the war. . . . They were made because it was considered they would be of value to us in our struggle to win the war. It was considered that the support which the Jews could give us all over the world, *and particularly in the United States*, and also in Russia, would be a definite palpable advantage . . . and with that mandatory responsibility (after the war) for Palestine there was also accepted responsibility for fulfilling the promises we had made to the Zionists.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Palestine Mandate was, in time, to become too hot for the British, with their Arab interests, to handle, so they walked out of the Holy Land and left the U.S. holding the time-bomb—and the Arab world's increasing anger.

Here's Confirmation by England's Zionist Leader of the Zionist Pressures Brought on President Wilson through U.S. Supreme Court Justice Brandeis:

"Mr. James A. Malcolm knew that Mr. Woodrow Wilson, for good and sufficient reasons, always attached the greatest possible importance to the advice of a very prominent Zionist, Mr. Justice Brandeis of the U.S. Supreme Court. . . . The best and perhaps the only way, which proved so to be, to induce the American President to come into the War was to secure the co-operation of Zionist Jews by promising them Palestine, and thus enlist and mobilize the hitherto unsuspectedly powerful forces of Zionist Jews in America and elsewhere in favor of the allies on a *quid pro quo* contract basis.

Thus, as will be seen, the Zionists, having carried out their part, and greatly helped to bring America in, the Balfour Declaration of 1917 was but the public confirmation of the necessary secret 'gentleman's agreement' of 1916."

—From Great Britain, The Jews and Palestine, published in England by the Solicitor and Secretary to the British Zionist Organization, Samuel Landman, 1936. Is history about to repeat itself, with further Zionist successes, and American losses in 1958?

ity the Arabs can now equally reiterate: "To the Jews as a nation we grant nothing, but to the jews as men, as human beings, as fellow citizens, we grant all."

THIS is the high road to peace not only for Palestine, not only for the Middle East, but also for the whole of mankind. For our part, we pledge ourselves to join with the United Nations in this great task of achieving peace—peace based upon justice—now and for all time to come.

Cold war hangs in one area, intimidation reigns in another; while armed conflicts are dominating in more than one country. To our deep regret, the questions of disarmament, atomic weapons, nuclear explosions, unsolved as they are, continue to arouse general anxiety throughout the whole world. On the regional level the question of West Irian (Dutch) and the question of Cyprus (British)—two legacies of colonialism—are among the outstanding problems that disturb the minds of freedom-loving peoples. Thus, in general, the world is not at ease and the pendulum of war is swinging to the horizon.

But the picture is not entirely gloomy. With us in this Assembly are assembled the hope and faith of millions. World public opinion is becoming the greatest invisible force ever known in the long history of the human race. The voice

of public opinion lives with us. Surely we are—or we are supposed to be—here to fight for liberty against imperialism; to struggle for plenty against poverty; to strive for *knowledge* against *propaganda*.

FROM this rostrum there has been a great deal of loud talk about Arab nationalism. I must declare here before this august body that there is nothing dangerous about Arab nationalism. The truth is that Arab nationalism is a peaceful, constructive and creative movement. . . . Arab nationalism has no plans for aggression or expansion of any sort or character. But no foreign indoctrination in the Arab world is taking place—or ever will take place. Our whole military set-up, with its bases, arms and equipment from whatever source they may come, is *exclusively* in the service of Arab sovereignty and independence.

The Secret

British Cablegram of 1916

From The British Foreign Office, London, to the Imperial Russian Foreign Minister F. Sasnov, 13 March, 1916, a year before President Wilson finally capitulated in Washington to international Zionist pressures: The question of settling the Jews in Palestine has recently been brought to the notice of His Majesty's Government.

It appears that, though it is known that a great number of Jews are indifferent to the idea of Zionism, a large and powerful section of the Jewish community throughout the world would greatly appreciate the offer of an arrangement as regards Palestine which was completely satisfactory to Jewish aspirations.

If the views expressed above are correct, it is clear that important political consequences might be attained by utilizing the Zionist idea. These consequences might include the conversion to the side of the Allies of the Jewish element in the East, in the United States and elsewhere, which is now very largely hostile to the Allied cause.

Mr. Lucien Wolf has defined Jewish aspirations in Palestine as follows:

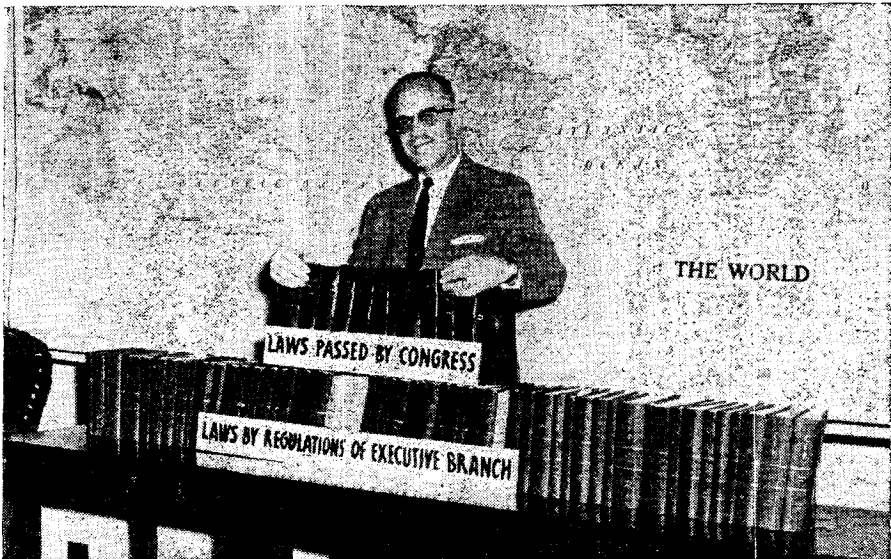
"Should the war result in Palestine falling within the sphere of interests of France and Great Britain, the French and British Governments will not fail to take into consideration the historical interests possessed by the Jewish community in that country. The two Governments will assure the Jewish population equal political rights with the other inhabitants, religious and civil liberty, such municipal privileges in the colonies and towns as may be necessary and reasonable facilities for colonization and emigration."

Sir E. Grey does not see any objection to the above formula, but has merely informed Mr. Wolf in reply that he must consult the Allied Governments on the subject, and that it would receive the sympathetic consideration of His Majesty's Government.

The sole object of His Majesty's Government is to find some arrangement which would afford sufficient attraction to the majority of the Jews to enable a bargain to be struck which would secure Jewish support. Keeping this consideration in view, it has occurred to His Majesty's Government that, if the scheme held out a prospect that the Jews would be allowed, when their colonists in Palestine grew strong enough to cope with the Arab population, to take into their own hands

the management of the internal affairs of that district (with the exception of Jerusalem and the Holy Places), the arrangement would be far more attractive to the majority of the Jews.

His Majesty's Government have no desire to express any preference for a particular solution of the problem; they have, however, been informed that an international Protectorate would meet with opposition on the part of some influential Jewish opinion.



Rep. E. Y. Berry (R-SD) is pictured here comparing the Laws passed by Congress with the Laws made by Regulations of the Executive Branch since 1935. On July 8, 1957, Congressman Berry, addressing the House of Representatives, criticized the surrender of legislative power by the Congress in the following words: "It is this constant delegation of authority from the Congress to the Administrative branch that has long worried me because when all the Congressional authority has been delegated, the American people will no longer have any direct representation in government."

Communism—not just Russia—is our real enemy

COMMUNISM HAS NO NATIONALITY

by Michael I. Glazier

LENIN, the anti-Christ, prophesied that Europe would go Red at both ends. Twenty years ago Spain waded through blood and showed a duped world that the Russian prophet had underestimated the virility and vitality of the Christian spirit. One end of Europe rejected Communism in its totality, and postponed the destruction of Western civilization. America did not realize the implications of the Spanish tragedy. The vocal liberal mob made sure of this. And for the past two decades the intellectual hoodlums, who police American public opinion, have slandered and spurned the Spanish Christian people and befogged the main issue of the Spanish Civil War. Spain

saved one end of Europe from Red domination as she had rescued it centuries ago from the menace of Islam.

At the other end of Europe stands Hungary, proud of her Christian heritage, and conscious of the fact that her people, under John Hunyadi, had checked the Islamic anti-Christian onslaught on Eastern Europe five hundred years ago. In 1956 Hungary stood, as she stood in 1456, alone. The communist tanks were not only slaughtering a brave people, they were battling the Christian spirit which the Hungarian people still believe is worth dying for.

Shortly before the Budapest massacre, the American people were whirling in the Geneva spirit, dancing to the Communist tune of co-existence. George F. Kennan and the liberal "experts" were telling us that we should be realistic and accept the communist map of Europe as permanent. They, like the Reds, were surprised to see men, women and children throw their lives away in defense of human rights in the squares of Budapest.

The depth of our moral slumber was illustrated by our reaction. Momentarily we were indignant. But without shame, we watched the United Nations fumble in double-talk; we meekly said it had a double standard of morality. That moribund body is bankrupt of all

Christian morality—it is no more and no less than a compromised public-relations debating society.

For two decades the role of Spain has been ignored because the Communists wanted it ostracised. The Hungarian slaughter went unpunished. Why? Because we are not really opposed to Communism; we are simply opposed to Russia as a world power. The meaning of Budapest was lost on us. Secretary Dulles stated that we do not encourage armed revolt within the enslaved nations, that the United States will not give military assistance to such people. This is tantamount to saying that the United States no longer believes that the dignity of the human person is worthy of the greatest human sacrifice.

Dulles believes in a quiet evolution from tyranny to freedom. But, of course, he has no idea how this is going to come about. Neither has anybody else. It is nonsense; but it was accepted by the American people, who have been twisted into the belief that Communism without Russia is an acceptable thing. America is not fighting Communism but Russia, which happens to be a communist nation.

THE AMERICAN people are sheltered from the main issue by the self-appointed horde of mis-educated educators and newspaper philosophers. Many of these are

more to be pitied than blamed: they have no consistent philosophy of their own and are in no position to understand the dreadful implications of the communist creed. Had Senator McCarthy been less a man and confined his criticism to Russia, he would never have been hounded down. His great and unforgivable sin was that he opposed Communism everywhere, in all its shapes and forms. The mob that slandered him to an early grave, is not opposed to it. They are now peddling a new dope: "national" Communism.

America is subsidizing the despotism of Tito and hastened to bolster the Gomulka regime. We are duped into believing that the Yugoslav and Polish form of Communism is a new and better brand. It is the same evil product, packed in colored cartons with the approval of the patent-holder—Russia. If Tito renounced the communist cult, do you believe he would be allowed to exist? He would not. Tito may differ in minor points of Russian policy for his own ambitious reasons, but he does not renege his allegiance to Communism and its ideals. He exists because Russia can trust him as a diehard Communist. Gomulka is assured of a lease of life for the same reason. Had Tito or Gomulka wavered like Nagy, they would have been ruthlessly pushed aside.

Unlike Tito and Gomulka, Kadar is unlikely to sell his brand of

"national" Communism to us—at least not at present. But the day will come when we will be stampeded into subsidizing the Red Hungarian regime. Kadar has shown his cards, the blood is still on his hands. But if that monster can beat the spirit of Hungary into pulp, and can choke the voice of human freedom into a dying whisper, we can expect the following to happen:

A party coup d'état will replace Kadar with a lesser known criminal, who will utter a rehearsed criticism of the Moscow-line.

Russian troops will be requested to withdraw, and will oblige.

After an international build-up, the new despot will be presented as the new and better type communist, more patriot than communist. Then the liberal horde will howl indignantly for American aid to bolster Hungarian "economic independence" from Moscow.

We have not yet realized that Communism is a Godless religion. That is the source of its energy, the secret of its lure. Communism will survive the present Russian state, and will flourish wherever minds are muddled and souls are barren. It will thrive in all lands

where natural and supernatural law has become a mere relic.

THE OLD American way of life had Christian roots. In the past the energy and spiritual drive of our culture was nourished by the religious idealism of sectarian Protestants. But that cultural force is dying, almost dead, compromised into a state of anemia. Today American religion has forfeited much of its supernatural faith; its philosophy has been shorn of its rational certitude. All that remains is a vague moral idealism and a hazy emotional philosophical optimism. Christianity has been clipped to suit our materialism, and in approaching days we can expect the deluge. We are ill-equipped to recognize the insidious nature of Communism and our blindness is our weakness.

The religion of Communism, under another name, will claim the souls of many of our children. History will not blame them, for they are now being betrayed. We, who rightly oppose the expansion of Russia, have refused to believe that Communism is more terrible than Russia, that it is religion without God.

The phrase "giving him the cold shoulder" dates back to a medieval custom in French chateaux. Honored guests were served hot-meat dishes, but when they over-stayed their welcome or became otherwise unpopular their host literally gave them a "cold shoulder" of beef or mutton.

A Joy Forever are the Service Wives who can take their Military Men with a loving sense of humor, and the tasks their husbands have to do with grace and understanding. Here, hiding behind a pen-name, we give you the amusing thoughts of the wife of a Colonel in the U. S. Marines. "The military," she says, "does not pride itself on training a husband, but it is pretty cocky about turning out a man." . . . To which we, at THE MERCURY, would like to add: "The U. S. Marine Corps is pretty skillful in selecting its wives!"



Military Men Make Miserable Husbands

UNDERNEATH that uniform is a man sliced neatly in half. One half belongs to you and the other half belongs to the Service. What mixes you up is that your half is so often abruptly sent off with the other half that you have no husband at all.

Being halved like a melon is confusing to a man. Sometimes he gets the halves turned around and gives your half to the commanding officer, who doesn't want it at all, and brings home the commanding officer's half which causes all sorts of disturbances around the house.

It's difficult for a man used to giving orders—and taking them—

to make a request or receive one. Do it, he says. Yes sir, he answers. You have to stop a minute and wonder if he means you. It's like the first time he sprang a surprise inspection of the kitchen and didn't realize he was at home until he saw beer in the icebox. The wife of a military man must remember that if he wasn't exactly brain-washed during his four years at Annapolis or West Point, he was doused up and down in the suds until he has a high-water mark. He's your husband but he is also a leader of men.

The insignia of rank he wears on his shoulder bars is just as bind-



by Ruth Victor

ing as the gold wedding ring on his finger. Don't ever ask him which he values more. Don't ever ask him anything that will make him think. Military men are provided with a book to follow and it's easier to hand him the book. If it doesn't cover the question you asked, you shouldn't have asked it in the first place.

As fathers go, the military man has already left. There's a panel of elder warriors wearing brass hats pulled down way over their ears whose sole purpose is to send expectant fathers off on trips. These men know before you do when you're going to have a baby. They

put your husband's name opposite the approximate date of birth and arrange for him to leave the country. Meanwhile, they have obtained the information that there is an expectant father in—let's say Okinawa—whose pregnant wife is with him. They send your husband to Okinawa and send the Okinawa husband to take your husband's job.

You will ask, why the switch? Yes, you will ask that. In the Navy, a situation like this gives the old seadogs a chance to chuckle at a chestnut like, "You were there when the keel was laid, boy, you won't be needed at the launching." This is a very funny joke except when you have one or two other small children, are living in a rented apartment in a strange city, and don't know anyone to laugh with you. After you have palmed the children off on the kind neighbors, driven yourself to the hospital and had the baby, your husband will get back in time for the first birthday party.

THE BIRTHDAY child looks at the strange man hugging mama and yells its head off. The father has hurt feelings because his own child doesn't know him and there follows a period of adjustment. You have to adjust to living with a man who has been a bachelor for a year, he has to adjust to living with a woman who has been a widow for a year, and the children have to

adjust to living with parents who are adjusting. By this time you're so maladjusted you think everything's running smoothly.

There's a saying in the Service that if you hang new curtains, you'll get orders to leave. You forget this and hang yards of unbleached muslin to hide the view of the neighboring incinerator. Never mind. Over the years those curtains will be up and down faster than the stock market and, with your income, you'll always find another incinerator.

Having a military husband is very exciting. The element of surprise can be downright riotous. If you think of it as a game, a sport, you'll spend a lot of time doubled up laughing. A good sense of humor is invaluable but not to be confused with hysteria.

A phone call in the morning can send you driving to California the next day. You'll be crated, packed, and barreled and on the road driving merrily off to a wonderful trip and the good fun of house-hunting before the children have stopped screaming. After a happy, scenic, event-packed journey during which you've had several blow-outs, the kids have been car-sick, and the motels have been all filled, you arrive. What will absolutely send you into gales of laughter will be the warm welcome of another phone call telling you the orders have been cancelled, and you have all that glorious trip back again.

The excitement that goes along with a military man keeps you from ever getting into a rut. You're so exhausted being rutless that after a few years nothing looks so inviting as a deep, wide, permanent rut.

As the children grow, rootless as tumbling weeds, blowing in and out of a succession of schools, houses, and friendships, the military father shares with them the benefits of his training. He holds inspections, musters, and briefings. He sees that they are erect, spit and polished, and can tend bar. He tells them they are part of the team. When in doubt, attack! Don't give up the ship! Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead! He quotes Arleigh Burke, Admiral Mahan, General Twining, General Patton, Custer, and his commanding officer. He has much to give that a civilian father cannot—except money.

WHEN he orders his son to cut the grass, it's very character-building the way he will brook no excuses. Something silly like the lawn mower being broken, or his son's leg, is no reason for the disobedience of an order. The son is put under restriction, put into covenant, walks the plank, faces a firing squad, or is court martialed fairly and hung. He failed in his duty. He was not ingenious enough to hire sheep, use nail clippers, or chew it down on all fours.

This can be very disconcerting

to you, the mother, and chow-time is often dyspepsia-time if you break ranks to interfere with the command.

NOT INTERFERING with the command is bewildering, for much of the time you are in command. Your husband is off to inspect, instruct, fly, sail, fight, confer, or accompany—usually when you've invited ten for buffet supper, there are small pink spots appearing on the baby, and the toilet has overflowed. After a few times of being suddenly left with the full responsibility of children, dog, house, car, bills, guests, emergencies, and sunken bank account, a girl gets foolish enough to think she can run a pretty tight ship herself. This is very bad thinking. You are breaking down the chain of command upon which rests the success of our entire armed forces. You can put on his cap and take over when he's not around but down, girl, down when the military husband comes marching home.

Military men make lousier lovers than the Latins. They're so nervous. In the Pentagon, those same old chieftains in shiny helmets are busily proving old soldiers never die and most of them won't even retire. They operate a system of insidious torture by sending out a constant stream of conflicting rumors designed to keep the military man from relaxing. If he's a

flyer, he hears that flight pay will be cut, the planes will all be grounded, he'll have to fly a rocket, he's too old to fly, too junior to die, and there's going to be one Service. If he's in the Navy, he hears that everything afloat is being put in mothballs including him. The Army hears it's going to be airborne, the Coast Guard hears it's going to be sunk, and the Marine Corps hears Congress has passed a bill decreeing all recruits at Parris Island will be made D.I.'s on Mother's Day. This is known as scuttlebutt. It passes in a whisper from post to post to all the ships at sea. Strong men quaver and their wives quiver, for the scuttle has been done before and the military man is the butt.

A military man is a miserable mate for still another reason—military wives. Now, everyone knows there is no rank among women. Everyone knows this but the women. It's a charming picture to visualize women with husbands of all rank happily lunching together, gossiping, chatting, and sharing a mutual bond of life in the Service. You can't even see the thumb screws if you mind your protocol and keep in your own place at the table. The senior wives are seasoned veterans and as quick as their husbands to guard their prerogative. A senior wife has gone through all the things you're going through now to get to her position, and she isn't likely to let you forget

it. If she likes you, you're a social success and she honors you by letting you work on all of her committees. If she doesn't like you, you'll be as popular as an inspecting party. The other wives will avoid you like Asian Flu.

There are so many interesting projects to keep you busy as a Service wife that it isn't the fault of the senior wives if you have any time of your own. There are committees for teas, luncheons, charities, dances, Gray Ladies, Nurses Aides, flower shows, canteens, thrift shops, and committees to stir up committees. You are never ordered to do any of these things. You are asked kindly and politely, and now long has it been since your husband was overseas? You're too busy? Perhaps you don't realize the importance of a wife to a man's military career? You're pregnant? Surely a little thing like that won't keep you from running the Girl Scouts? You're in labor now? Well, heavens, don't you think that would be fascinating to the Girl Scouts?

CONTRARY to civilian belief that a military husband comes equipped with a set of free living quarters, he does not. Some Service families never get into quarters and some are glad. One nice thing about having quarters is that the rent for them is taken automatically out of your salary and this relieves you of the possibility of getting be-

hind in the rent. There's a difference of opinion on what you can rent on the "outside" for the same figure but, when the government is providing a quonset hut, the opinion is general. There's also the question of whether you like to be cozy in a house designed for three when your family numbers five. The architect who drew the plans for quarters either underestimated the military man, or assumed no woman would be giddy enough to drag more than one child around the world. The quarters were glued together with this in mind. The government does maintain quarters and this is handy because you never could. The fact that most of them were put up cheap, fast, and long ago combined with the vibration of moving vans in front of them regularly makes them a little shaky. Every time a new family moves in, it is allowed to select its own color of paint. You have a choice of sour cream, battleship gray, or bile green. This is generous and shows a spirit of cooperation from the taxpayers, but as the paint grows thicker the rooms grow smaller.

The military man is a notoriously poor businessman. This is one fault you'll never have to worry about. Unless you expect to inherit money from some rich civilian, he doesn't need a business head to figure out you're never going to make ends meet. You can't have everything and when you marry

into the Service, you won't. You will have a parade of changing military regalia as your husband buys uniforms to fit occasion, season, and high-ranking whimsy. He will look so splendid no one will notice you're still wearing the same tired taffeta. What with all the money going for gay, mad things like uniforms, moving, taxes, and food, if the military man were a financial whizz he'd be out of that uniform and into gray flannel. He can handle millions of dollars worth of government property, but he's lucky to have lunch money in the pocket of his khaki trousers. He can fly a plane or command a ship that costs the taxpayers thousands of bucks, but he has one devil of a time making the payments on his secondhand car. The Service wives discuss this shrilly amongst themselves but they button up when the boys are around. After all, these are dedicated men and this is no outfit where you can nag old George into asking the boss for a raise.

YOU'LL never domesticate this tiger. He's a fighter. If he's combatting nothing more than paper work at a desk in Washington, he has ribbons on his chest to prove his courage. He's brave enough to stand up to you, but are you strong enough to stand up under the strain? In a day when the average American husband helps around the house, this man is helpless around the house and fearless enough to stay that way. When you get all feminine and fragile, he will give you an aspirin and an introduction to the chaplain, but he won't dry the dishes. You have to be as tough and resilient as he—and as mute in the acceptance of duty.

Marrying into the glamorous uniformed world of the military is like hitching your future to Sputnik. You'll have trouble understanding it but you'll treat it with respect. The military does not pride itself on training a husband, but it is pretty cocky about turning out a man.

Source of Supply

Two lions escaped from the zoo in Washington, D. C., and didn't meet again for three months. One was fat, the other nothing but skin and bones. When they finally met, the skinny one said, "I've never seen you looking better. How in the world do you manage to be so well fed?"

The fat lion replied: "I've been hiding in the Pentagon eating a colonel a day. So far, nobody's noticed it."

—Edward O'Connor

*The fantastic story of the
captured British Solar Gun*



George Washington's Secret Weapon

by Murray T. Pringle

GENERAL William Howe, commander of British forces then engaged in a life and death struggle with the rebellious American colonies, paced a room in his Boston headquarters, his face etched with anxiety and concern.

He paused by a window, peered through it with unseeing eyes, then drove a balled fist into the open palm of his other hand. The sudden noise made the small group of sober-faced men start nervously.

"Damn!" said Howe. "That man Washington and his rebellious swine have the Devil's own luck! Of all ships to capture, why did it

have to be the *Nancy*?" He stared at his top aides. "You all know what the *Nancy* was carrying. Our supplies—and five hundred sun guns! Those machines could have put down this revolt within a matter of weeks. And now the Americans have them." Howe chewed his lip worriedly and resumed his pacing.

"Perhaps the machines could be recaptured, sir," an aide suggested. "We could—"

"Impossible!" Howe snorted. "Those machines will be better protected than Washington himself."

He stalked to the window again and stared out at snow-wrapped Dorchester Heights, some two miles from the city of Boston. "But this I can tell you, gentlemen. We must, at all costs, prevent the enemy's advance on Boston. If the rebels ever reached the hills with those sun machines in their possession. . . ." Howe did not finish the sentence. "Well, we cannot permit it, gentlemen. We dare not!"

Later that afternoon, the British commander sat down and addressed a letter to the Lord Privy Seal in London.

"My Lord: By the time this communication reaches you, word will probably have been received by your office concerning the capture, by American rebels, of our supply ship *Nancy*. While the loss

of these supplies is serious, the fact that the enemy now has in its possession the town-burning devices is infinitely more so."

EVEN AS HOWE wrote those words the devices of which he spoke were being inspected by his adversary, General George Washington.

"Amazing!" said the American commander. "Amazing and ingenious." He turned to Captain John Manly, skipper of the American cruiser *Lee* which had captured the British supply ship and its cargo. "And these things will actually work, Captain Manly?"

The naval officer nodded. "Aye, sir. According to the instructions we captured with them, they will work. And designed by the Devil himself they must have been, too!"

"It is indeed a terrible weapon," Washington agreed. "You and your men are to be commended upon this capture, Captain. Thank God that He saw fit to deliver these things into our hands."

For a long time General Washington walked slowly about the "town burning machines," studying them thoughtfully. Each was a giant tripod supporting a circular frame some six feet in diameter. Embedded in this frame were hundreds of tiny mirrors, prisms and reflectors. The device itself stood more than eight feet in height.

The name of the man whose brain conceived this weird and



General William Howe

fearful weapon is not recorded. Fantastic though it seemed, it was wholly practical and had fate chosen to deliver it safely into the hands of the British, it is not inconceivable that it could have reversed the course of the Revolutionary War.

Like most great military strategies, the plan itself was diabolically simple: harness the awful power of the sun and use it to destroy enemy ships and installations. Hundreds of mirrors and prisms had been mounted in such fashion as to trap the rays of the sun. These could, in turn, be accurately focused upon wooden buildings or ships at sea. Subjected to this barrage of "sunfire," any such target, ashore or afloat—at a distance of two miles and well beyond cannon range—could be set aflame.

JUST ONE of these "solar guns", installed atop Dorchester Heights and directed upon the town of Boston, could reduce that community to ashes.

During the ensuing weeks the band of steel forged by American forces drew tighter and tighter about Boston. Every yard gained by Washington's troops was bitterly contested by the British defenders. The American advance had to be smashed!

Desperate, General Howe issued orders that his troops were to fight

and die where they stood. There could be no further retreat!

But further retreats there were, and on March 5 the Yankees captured Dorchester Heights! On March 17 the city of Boston was unexpectedly evacuated by the British. For years military analysts debated the question: Why did Howe surrender Boston without a fight?

Many years later secret archives yielded the fantastic story of the captured "solar guns". Knowing their deadly capabilities, Howe had elected to "cut and run" rather than have his troops and himself perish in a town he felt sure would be burned to the ground if any resistance were offered.

What Howe never realized was that the menace of the solar guns was all in his mind! Some two months before he ordered his evacuation of Boston, the American High Command had ordered that the captured weapons be dismantled.

The terrible "town burning machines", which General Howe fearfully expected to blaze forth from Dorchester Heights, had long since become mere playthings in the hands of colonial children!

Although the fantastic solar guns of 1776 were never actually used in warfare, they played a decisive part in the capture of Boston by the Continental Army.

» Rule your mind or it will rule you. — *Horace*

*There's glass in almost
every phase of your life*



WHAT GLASS can do for YOU

by E. W. Klimack

WHEN Samson pushed the pillars over in the film *Samson and Delilah* and the huge stone blocks of the prison house crashed down on the Philistine crowd, the thousands of casualties were only acting. Shooting of the scene left them unscathed, for the blocks were actually light, hollow shells. One reason why they were strong enough to withstand falling without being smashed was that a major ingredient was glass!

Speak of glass and almost every-

one thinks of a transparent material that shatters if dropped on the floor. Yet glass in the fiber form—hardly a novelty today—is used as a reinforcement in such things as fishing rods, hammer handles, wall panels, chairs and even boats and automobiles.

One direction in which glass is headed is indicated by Pyroceram, the name Corning Glass Works has given to a new family of products which start out as non-crystalline glass but are processed

into crystalline materials. Tough, heat-resistant substances, they are said to be stronger than steel, lighter than aluminum and nine times as strong as plate glass.

In the laboratory very fine glass fibers have shown strength as high as 900,000 pounds per square inch, compared to 400,000 pounds per square inch reached by fine steel wire. However, industry admits that most of the glass of appreciable thickness that you see in windows and bottles has only about one percent of that measured strength. When a way is found to raise it to ten percent, and industry believes it will be done, glass will compete with steel, for example, as a structural material.

Glass can be formed in several ways. Besides being blown into bottles and jars, or spun and woven into fabrics, it can be cast like metal, drawn, pressed, made into foam and granulated. Pieces can be fused together, a trick the ancient Egyptians learned and did with great skill in decorating bowls and other objects with many colors.

A visit to the museum will demonstrate the difference between sheer Venetian glassware and the heavy modern crystal of Scandinavia. But the contrast is much greater. Glass fiber can be made about 1/300th of the thickness of human hair. On the other hand a radiation shielding window of

glass has been made five feet thick weighing 17 tons.

As a non-conductor of electricity, glass finds wide use as electrical insulation, but it can also be so used for making such things as heating panels and aircraft de-icers.

Glass can be made comparatively hard or soft, depending on its purpose. Glass with a low melting point is used like solder to hold together two parts of color television tubes. The tube, which must be made in two separate parts, can later be taken apart again for repair without damage to the glass.

THE INERTNESS of glass is one of its most important characteristics, for it is surpassed only by some of the fine metals such as gold and platinum. Glass-lined tanks are used to hold corrosive chemicals and for drugs which would be contaminated by reaction with metal. Even pumps for handling such products are lined with glass, and complete protection is guaranteed by using glass pipe. The inertness of glass also explains its use in much laboratory apparatus.

The ability of glass bottles to protect their contents has often been demonstrated, but seldom so well as by a number of beer bottles found last year on the coast of Kent, England. Part of a cargo which was wrecked in 1703, some

of the bottles remained tightly corked and wired, protecting the beer for 250 years.

With all these attributes to make it popular, glass is fortunate in the abundance of its chief ingredient. Today 90 percent of all the commercial product is made primarily of silica (sand), soda ash and lime, with most other ingredients added in minute quantities. Since silica makes up about 60 percent of the earth's crust, scarcity is not a problem.

But here again is contrast. Even though commercial glass is all so much alike, every chemical element known today can be used in making glass. As a laboratory curiosity a black glass can be made containing all the elements in the percentage of their distribution in the earth. Because of this range of ingredients, there are more than 100,000 formulas for glass, and many more still to be developed.

The transparency of glass has long been a prime reason for its popularity. It transmits light because no matter how thick it is, it acts the same as a single molecule. When molten glass cools, it does not crystalize as do practically all salts, all metals and even water. Thus there are no internal surfaces to turn aside the light, and any reflection is on the outer surfaces only.

Glass formed by volcanic action has been found in all parts of the world, and primitive man, includ-

ing the Indians of the Americas, fashioned tools and weapons with it.

In Yellowstone National Park there is a mountain of this natural glass, Obsidian Cliff. Jim Bridger, the famous trapper, saw the mountain about 1830 and later told of sighting an elk in the distance but failing to hit it with his gun because the transparent glass mountain happened to be in the way. He was right about the glass mountain but stretched the facts a little on transparency. Obsidian is dark and opaque.

WHERE MAN first learned to make glass is unknown. Legend has the method discovered by Phoenician sailors on the Mediterranean shore. As their fireplace of soda blocks from the ship's cargo melted on the sand, glass was formed.

The known record shows that the Egyptians had learned to glaze stone beads as early as 12,000 B.C. The oldest piece of pure glass, a molded amulet, is dated about 7,000 B.C. An early Egyptian bowl was made about 3,000 B.C., and glass of the same period has been found in the Mesopotamian region.

The Egyptians long considered glass equal to some natural gems. A collar found in the tomb of Tut-ankhamen has 255 gold plaques inlaid with jasper, lapis lazuli and turquoise glass.

All man-made glass was opaque at first, for the transparent variety was developed only after glass blowing was discovered, some time before 100 B.C. Syria, which has a long history of fine glassmaking, appears to have been the first to develop this technique, but it spread rapidly to Egypt and other countries.

During the Roman period glass-making took on new importance, for the Romans admired the material. When Augustus added Egypt to the Roman Empire in 30 B.C., he demanded glass in tribute and later had Egyptian and Syrian craftsmen migrate to Rome and its other provinces.

Glass was only for the wealthy, and Pliny the Elder observed that fine transparent glass was replacing precious metals for drinking vessels. He also told of an elaborate piece of glass which Petronius, a favorite of Nero but also his critic, destroyed rather than let the Emperor have it.

The closing of window openings with glass, as taken for granted as anything we have in our modern lives, apparently originated with the Romans in the first century A.D. One piece of glass measuring 44 by 32 inches was found in Pompeii. The Romans cast these panes on large flat stones.

IN EUROPE, glassmaking declined with the Dark Ages, but it

flourished in the Near East and Byzantium. In the sixth century A.D. Justinian ordered stained glass windows for the great church in Constantinople, the Hagia Sophia.

About 1200, toward the end of the Crusades and probably as an indirect result of them, a revival of fine glassmaking arose in Europe, beginning in Venice with craftsmen brought from Syria. So respected was the industry then that its leaders were made "noble gentlemen," eligible to intermarry with the families of aristocracy. This attitude toward the craft was later transferred to France, where members of nobility could work in glass plants without losing caste, and glass workers were exempt from taxation.

About 1300, so that the trade secrets could be guarded more easily, the glass furnaces of Venice were moved to the island of Murano a mile from the city. In time this island became a fabulous, immense factory, with furnaces lining a mile-long street. Workers and their families lived on the island, and eventually it had a population of 30,000.

Glass workers were forbidden to leave Venice on penalty of death, and for years the Venetians had the European trade to themselves. But all the precautions failed to prevent migration and loss of secrets, and in time other countries were making fine glass "in the Venetian manner."

Venetian glassmaking reached its height after 1450, following discovery of a new formulation for clear glass. The Venetians excelled in blowing elaborate and intricate shapes rather than molding or cutting. They blew this glass to surprising thinness. Too sheer to stand cutting with grinding wheels, it was decorated by gilding, enameling and diamond point engraving.

One of the specialties of the Venetian factories was making of mirrors, some of them highly prized. When the French minister Colbert died in 1683, his estate included these two items: a Raphael painting valued at 3,000 livres, and a Venetian mirror measuring 45 by 26 inches, with silver frame, valued at 8,016 livres.

IN THE American colonies, glass-making was the first industry to make finished products, turned out by eight glass blowers from Holland and Poland. A factory was built a short distance from the town, and Captain John Smith was later to write in his *Historie of Virginia*: "We sent home ample proof of pitch, tar, glass . . ."

But after the captain's return to England the industry waned, and a second enterprise started in 1621 also failed after a few years.

Whether made in America or in Europe, glass beads and mirrors were among the chief articles in trade with the Indians.

The most famous of American colonial glass was that made by the flamboyant Henry William Stiegel, who strove for beauty as well as usefulness in the ware he produced. His expensive tastes, both in personal matters and in glassmaking, wrecked his business and landed him in debtors prison in 1774. But by that time he had produced many fine pieces which today are collectors items.

Another important colonial glassmaker, Caspar Wistar, opened his plant 24 years before Stiegel and survived him by a few more. Wistar was noted for his magnificently colored glass. Martha Washington owned a tiny Wistar scent bottle of yellow and turquoise and carried it tucked inside her glove, the fashion of the day.

Ever since the Egyptians learned how to make bottles—first by tediously winding glass strands around a core and then fusing them together or by dipping the core repeatedly in molten glass—it has always been a leading material for containers.

Bottles could be made much faster and better by blowing, and this method, with and without molds, was used until the twentieth century. By that time semi-automatic machines for making bottles were being used, but even so, the ware was on the expensive side.

In 1903 a big step was made

with the introduction of the first automatic bottle making machine, developed by Michael J. Owens. With the rise of mass production methods, bottles could be made cheaply enough for wide general use.

Glass containers are made in sizes ranging from the ampul for holding one cubic centimeter to the ten-gallon demijohn. For protection of its contents, the ampul used for injectible drugs is about as perfect a container as can be devised, for the opening is melted shut so that nothing but glass touches the product. To make the ampul easier to open, a ceramic band is fused around the opening area, creating tensions inside the glass so that it will break easily at that point.

Although glass can be molded and blown into almost any shape of container desired, there are practical limitations. A round bottle, for example, is stronger and easier to make than a square one. The spherical shape makes the strongest bottle of all.

Today glass containers are second only to folding cartons in the number used for packaging consumer products.

Last year more than 20 billion bottles and jars and other glass containers were made, although the number actually used by industry was much larger because milk, soft drinks and beer are sold in reusable bottles.

MANY FOODS on the supermarket shelves are sold in glass. For some products there is the dictate of tradition. Last year one major food company decided to do something about the catsup bottle, which has elicited complaints for years. This company put its product into a low, squat jar with a wide mouth. And what happened? In the market test, housewives bought the jar once, then lost interest. Perhaps designers will come up with the ideal catsup bottle eventually.

Although one method of preserving food is called canning, it started with glass containers. When Nicolas Appert proved to Napoleon that food could be put into a container, sealed, heated and kept indefinitely, glass jars were used in the experiments.

One of the oldest uses of the bottle is sea duty, carrying a message and letting the ocean currents take it where they will. This technique was used as long ago as 300 B.C. when Theophrastus, a Greek naturalist, used floating bottles to prove his theory that the Mediterranean gets most of its water from the Atlantic Ocean. Benjamin Franklin used bottles to learn some of the secrets of the Gulf Stream, and the method is still used today to study ocean currents.

Following the invention of the automatic bottlemaking machine, glassmaking developed rapidly so

that today nearly all of the industry output is by methods unknown before 1900.

The United States has contributed much to glassmaking and new forms of glass. A method was developed for continuous drawing of sheet glass for windows. A ribbon-glass machine for making light bulbs came next, eventually reaching speeds up to 2,000 a minute.

In 1915 heat resistant glass was introduced, and later high silica flame-resistant glass for top-of-stove use. Items of high silica glass can be heated until cherry-red and then plunged into ice water without breaking. Safety glass was introduced in 1928, followed several years later by a new method for making glass fiber, and then building blocks and foam glass.

One of the developments after World War II was photosensitive glass which can be used for making portrait photographs and mural decorations, although it finds wider application in the field of electronics. So fine is some of the work with photosensitive glass that a screen made of it can have as many as 250,000 holes per square inch.

THE THINGS made of glass for home and industry number in the hundreds, and new ones are

constantly being developed. Only a few can be mentioned here.

One of the household appliance companies has designed an all-glass oven, a hood made of two glass domes, one inside the other so that the outer one will be kept cool by the air between. The burner plate is also made of glass, 19 inches in diameter, and able to withstand the heat of four burners placed one inch below the plate.

The home of tomorrow may have variable transmission windows which can be adjusted to raise or lower the amount of light and radiant heat that enters.

Lighting panels for home and office give a soft, low intensity light when the electricity is turned on.

Gathering energy from the sun makes use of mirrors to focus the rays for raising the intensity of the heat. Where mirrors are not used, a glass pane acts as a filter to allow radiant heat to enter the enclosure of the unit and to prevent the escape of gathered heat.

These things only suggest applications of glass for the home, to say nothing of industry and science. And they suggest mere fore-runners of future applications, if the progress made by glass research of the past fifty years is any measure of what it will be in the next fifty.

Women, on the average, outlive men . . . another reason why husbands can rarely get in the last word.

—HAL CHADWICK

*This American university is providing education to servicemen
stationed all over the world*

MARYLAND HAS A MILLION MILE CAMPUS!

by Stanley J. Drazek

Associate Dean, University of Maryland

TODAY the University of Maryland's campus extends over six million square miles and provides educational opportunities to United States military personnel on four continents. Maryland courses are offered at American bases nestled in the fjords of Greenland, on the desert sands of North Africa, in the intense heat of Saudi Arabia, and on the 38th Parallel in Korea.

During the 1955-56 school year, over 20,000 military students enrolled in off-duty courses with the University of Maryland. Sixty of these military students completed their programs overseas and were awarded their degrees by the President of the University of Maryland in Heidelberg, Germany.

In 1947 the Board of Regents of

the University of Maryland established the College of Special and Continuation Studies, and made it responsible for providing adult educational opportunities throughout Maryland. The College officials also recognized the existence of large numbers of military personnel stationed at nearby Fort George G. Meade, the Pentagon, The Aberdeen Proving Ground, Bolling and Andrews Air Force bases. Visits to these installations revealed that military personnel were eager to avail themselves of educational opportunities. It was also discovered that military leaders recognized the value of such programs, were enthusiastic and promised full cooperation.

Pilot programs were arranged



bilities of a European Program. Favorable reports resulted in the establishment of classes at Armed Forces centers in Berlin, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Munich, Nurnberg and Wiesbaden on October 31, 1949. Again the initial enrollment exceeded all expectations—600 had been expected, 1,800 enrolled.

GRADUALLY courses were extended to other parts of Germany, the United Kingdom, France, Greece, Italy, Turkey, North Africa and the Middle East. These programs came under the supervision of the Heidelberg office which was organized in April, 1950. The Heidelberg office now re-

and classes were scheduled and taught by resident faculty members. The response exceeded all estimates, and additional classes were organized during subsequent semesters. Today the annual combined enrollment at these nearby military establishments exceeds 4,000 individuals.

As military personnel rotated overseas, they found much leisure time on their hands but no opportunities to continue their educational programs. Military leaders recognized that the Armed Forces could not, by themselves, offer courses leading toward recognized degree programs. A call for aid was sent to American universities. Maryland responded by assigning a representative to explore the possi-



views admission records, records grades, collects tuition fees, purchases reference books, distributes textbooks and assigns staff members to the hundreds of centers. However, final authority rests with University officials on the home campus. Almost daily various problems are resolved by means of air-mail letters, cables and occasionally by trans-oceanic conversations. Heidelberg maintains the same regulations and standards as are maintained on the College Park campus.

In the summer of 1956 the Far East Command invited Maryland to extend its program to Japan, Okinawa and Korea. An administrative office was established in Tokyo, and 1,800 military personnel enrolled in the September term in 41 centers.

At the request of the North East Air Command, Maryland surveyed the possibility of an educational program on Newfoundland. Classes were started on July 1, 1951, on three Newfoundland bases, and the following September classes were offered at Goose Bay, Labrador. Two months later, classes were begun at Keflavik, Iceland, in response to the request of the Military Air Transport Service.

With the completion of Thule Air Force Base, requests from Greenland reached College Park. In January 1953, courses were offered to American servicemen stationed at Narsarsuaq, Sondrestrom, and Thule, Greenland. The latter two are within the Arctic Circle with

Thule approximately 800 miles from the North Pole.

Many American G.I.'s amaze their parents and friends by writing home that they are earning college credits in their spare time. They add that Greenland is an excellent place for night courses since the winter nights are almost 24 hours in length.

Those who have heard of the Maryland Overseas Program often assume that it is of a correspondence nature, that G.I.'s complete lessons and forward them to the University for grading. This assumption is entirely incorrect since all Maryland courses are taught by regular staff members. These are recruited by the various College Park academic departments and assigned to overseas bases. The overseas staff members have the same background as their counterparts teaching identical courses on the campus. Throughout the school year close liaison is maintained between the individual staff member and his academic department.

IN ORDER to provide a variety of courses, instructors are rotated from base to base every eight or 16 weeks. During an eight week term each instructor usually teaches one course on Monday and Wednesday evening, and another on Tuesday and Thursday evening. The remaining evenings permit the instructor to hold special makeup sessions for those unable to attend

the regular class due to a special flight or duty assignment.

The overseas students appreciate the fact that Maryland rotates its instructors from base to base. In this way, subjects are taught by specialists; students are exposed to a wider offering of courses, and they have an opportunity to meet a greater number of individual personalities—as they would on a regular campus.

University Instructors are also intrigued with an assignment which may take them to Thule, Greenland, St. John's, Newfoundland, and Keflavik, Iceland, when assigned to the North Atlantic Program. A staff member in Europe may teach in historic Heidelberg, the American sector of Berlin, England or North Africa.

Administrative staff members who have visited overseas centers of instruction have been most favorably impressed with the caliber of students. Last May, one overseas student received top honors in his overseas graduating class. When the final computations were made at College Park, the University's Registrar announced that he had the highest honors of all the 2,000 graduating seniors who received their diplomas from the University of Maryland that year.

Further review of statistics revealed that the 60 overseas graduates differed greatly from their stateside colleagues. Four-fifths of the overseas class were married

and totalled about 100 children among them. The average age of the overseas graduates was 36; this was considerably higher than that of the stateside graduates.

ACTUALLY, only a small fraction of the overseas students complete their degree programs with the University of Maryland. Most of the students enroll with Maryland, complete courses and transfer the academic credits earned to their home institution at a later date. A recent survey of 400 former servicemen who transferred from the Maryland Overseas Program to Stateside universities, reveals that 110 degrees were earned at 83 different universities and colleges. Twenty-two of these former overseas students graduated with honors from institutions other than the University of Maryland.

Overseas students who have come to stateside campuses to complete their degree programs usually report that they find it easier to achieve higher scholastic averages on-campus. They explained this by saying that the maturity, motivation, and backgrounds of students in overseas classes were usually superior.

Courses offered overseas include business administration, economics, English, foreign languages, geography, government and politics, history, mathematics, military science, philosophy, psychology, sociology, and speech.

THE OPERATION of the Overseas Program poses many problems that never occur on a regular campus. Three-thirty in the morning, for instance, is an unusually early hour to attend school. However, it didn't bother the "Early Bird" class at Thule Air Force Base. Varied duty hours called for an elastic schedule. The group decided upon the early morning hour. The walk from their night shift or barracks in the cold arctic temperature was sufficient to awaken all—including the instructor.

Last year a plane departing from Labrador fell through the ice. Registration papers and tuition fees heading for College Park were on the plane. Although the materials arrived somewhat soggy and watermarked, they were negotiable.

An Army Captain stationed at Degerndorf had to drive to Munich, Germany, in order to complete ten subjects. In earning seven A's

and three B's he clocked 20,000 miles.

The success of the Maryland Overseas Program rests upon the cooperation furnished by theater and base commanders. These men recognize the importance of having their personnel well educated, and hence provide excellent logistical support.

In like manner, important assistance is provided by education officers and civilian education advisors on the various bases. Without this aid, the Maryland Program could not function nor could the Servicemen continue their education.

The University of Maryland has conducted an educational experiment by extending its facilities to American servicemen overseas. This experiment has few parallels in American higher education, and its full significance will be best measured by history.

The Thrill of A Romance

A classified ad in a Western weekly newspaper read: "PERSONAL: Bachelor with 40 acres of excellent land would like to make the acquaintance of lady with tractor. Matrimony in mind. Please send picture of tractor."

—Lucille J. Goodyear

The streets were slippery and the buses running late one winter evening. A middle-aged spinster was given a ride home from work by a handsome family man. As she alighted from the car she thanked him profusely. Unconcernedly, he said, "Don't mention it."

"Don't you worry," she whispered, "I promise I won't tell a soul."

—Betty B. Dodendorf

IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION

By Russell Maguire

IT IS UP TO the People and the Congress of the United States to look closely now at our priceless basic inheritance—*States' Rights*. Let the Internationalists and the conspiring Ununited United Nations pretend to produce order out of a disordered overseas world. Let the temporary bureaucrats of Washington dream their little plans of autocracy. What a short time ago it was that all the little kings and queens of the federal alphabet agencies looked into their deceptive mirrors and thought they were becoming rulers of our daily lives and national destiny! NRA and OPA, OWI and BEW . . . David Lilienthal, Henry Wallace and Leon Henderson: Where are they now? The people of our States whipped them off their phony thrones.

The power and money and Voice of our People come from the States, not from the District of Columbia. Had that not been so, the Industrial Workers of the World would have conquered our Republic from within, during our teens and twenties; the Communists and the OPA would have taken us over during our thirties and forties; the Zion-

ists-Socialists now would have us in their power. But for the *sovereignty of our States*, we, too, would have been liquidated as a Republic.

The priceless ingredient left us by our founding fathers was the Constitutional rights and freedoms of the States. A small number of sinister men have allowed some of these basic rights to be momentarily chipped out from under us. Let us remember their names and deeds! The men who won't stand up in the face of States' enemies "within" won't stand against our enemies overseas.

No enemy, domestic or foreign, can subjugate 48 States. One or a few States may be infiltrated by cancerous, illegal immigration, by subversive aliens allowed to pose as citizens, by Marxists and Fabians disguised as statesmen. Yes, we have seen that happen. But 48 States are too much for them to swallow suddenly. We have not yet had to witness the degradation of any State Governor being summarily ordered to Washington to bow or grovel before a federal throne.

The good earth of our Republic,

owned in little lots or big acreages by each of us, is the earth of our States—not of a federal territory. Our industries, farms, offices and homes are located in States, protected by our State Legislatures, our State Courts—and our excellent National Guard and our State Policemen. The sovereign citizens have not given our rights in our States into the grasping hands of *any* federal bureaucrat or agency.

State by State, County by County, our votes are tabulated until they merge into whatever national audit elects our federal officials for temporary duty in Washington. These votes, remember Mr. Senator and Mr. Congressman, come from States, not from the White House, or the Pentagon or the International Monetary Fund—or the United Nations.

IN THE variety of our States lies much of our national strength. We are a variety of People within our home States, but let no enemy take this variety of communities for weakness or myopia.

The boys from Vermont lay wounded among the wounded boys

from Virginia but their mutual enemies lay very dead all around them.

The people are today learning who the *real enemies* are—and their plans for Disintegration. Here's how we at MERCURY read the handwriting on the wall: Treacherous men within and behind the White House Secretariat—secretly they call themselves *The Directorate*—"they" think they are manipulating us and our various States into a Socialist Federal Autocracy. Sending federal parachute troops to Arkansas was a tragic, opportunist, probing reconnaissance—testing out the time and our vigilance. Let that be a monumental warning lesson for all of us, in all of our States!

And keep remembering: The Federal Government has a double limitation on its Washington powers. First it is a government created *by* the States with *delegated* and not inherent authorities. Secondly, the sovereign State governments are governments whose powers *are* inherent, not delegated to them.

Let our awakened and aroused People's Voice be heard—by means of a 1958 States' Rights Constitutional Amendment, if necessary!



Return postage, together with a self-addressed envelope, must be included with each unsolicited manuscript to insure its return.

Eleanor Roosevelt's Warm Springs Myth

IN THE "If You Ask Me" feature in the November, 1957, issue of *McCall's* magazine, page 74, written by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt—and in one of her Post-Moscow newspaper columns—a question was asked Mrs. Roosevelt as to her husband's, Franklin Delano Roosevelt's insistence that a clause be inserted in the deeds of 1928 and 1933 for his "foundation's" real estate transactions at Warm Springs, Georgia, which guaranteed that "neither said land nor any part thereof shall be sold, rented or otherwise disposed of to any Negro or other persons of African descent or to a corporation or association owned or controlled by Negroes."

To this question, frequently sent her, Mrs. Roosevelt at last replied that Franklin Roosevelt *did not* have such a clause inserted. Such wording or similar wording, she insists, "had to be in any deed according to the law of that part of Georgia." Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt now claims, told her at the time that he "disliked the restrictions but there was no

other way that a deed could be legally written in that Georgia area."

While a member of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Warm Springs Memorial Commission, we became familiar with the racial restriction clause, referred to by Mrs. Roosevelt, and discussed it with other members of our Commission, including W. S. Allen, well-known attorney of Greenville, Meriwether County, Georgia, a personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt.

The statement by Mrs. Roosevelt is unfortunate and without basis in fact. Since Georgia and Southern people have lately become the particular objects of unfounded slander and unreasoning bias, we submit the facts for consideration by fair minds:

1. There was no law at Warm Springs, or in any other part of Meriwether County or in Georgia in 1928 or in 1933 or at any time before or since that required a racial restrictive clause to be inserted in any deed to Georgia property. The restriction against Negroes

was imposed by Mr. Roosevelt for reasons solely personal to himself.

2. When Mrs. Roosevelt's statement was called to his attention, Mr. Allen made the following statement:

"I have known the deed records of Meriwether County, in which Warm Springs is located, for 37 years and during that time I have used those records in my profession almost weekly. I am familiar with the restrictions against Negroes imposed by Franklin D. Roosevelt and recorded in Deed Book 24, page 338 in 1928 and recorded in Deed Book 29, page 411 in 1933. Said restrictions and those repeated in successive deeds to the same lands are the only race restrictions I have ever seen on the deed records of Meriwether County and I do not believe that any other such restriction can be found."

3. The two deeds involve approximately 5,000 acres of land wholly unrestricted as to anything when purchased by Meriwether Reserve, Inc., a Delaware corporation wholly owned by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Meriwether Reserve, Inc., in turn conveyed the property by deeds to Mr. Roosevelt, one in 1928, and the other in 1933. Both deeds carried the racial restriction as the fifth covenant.

4. Both the 1928 and the 1933 deeds were attested by Basil O'Connor, secretary of the corporation,

and both were executed in the County of New York. The first before Arnold L. Kock, N.P., and the second before Alice W. Judge, N.P.

5. By virtue of the "Roosevelt Restriction," conveyances of property subsequently executed by Franklin D. Roosevelt and his successors to individuals, corporations, or associations contain the same racial restriction. If that restrictive clause was ever used in Georgia before, it has never been seen by scores of title lawyers questioned.

6. According to Henrietta Nesbit, Mrs. Roosevelt's housekeeper at the White House, in her book, *White House Diary*, page 78, when Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt moved into the White House in 1933, Mrs. Roosevelt ordered the staff of servants that had formerly been integrated by President and Mrs. Hoover, to be segregated, saying:

"A staff in one color works in better understanding and maintains a smoother running establishment."

7. Those who practice one way and preach another frequently become involved in difficult explanations.

By reason of the fact that it appears to be the policy of *McCall's* magazine not to permit its readers to correct misstatements appearing therein, this is an open letter, with a copy to Mrs. Roosevelt, which we request *The Mercury* to publish. —Pittman, Kinney & Pope, Attorneys at Law, Dalton, Georgia.

Life Savers on Skis



by Richard A. Gronquist

The National Ski Patrol has made skiing a safer winter sport.

ON A ROUTINE check of a ski slope, a National Ski Patrolman found a skier lying in the snow. The injured man said he was "all right" and needed no help, but the patrolman gave him the usual examination and found that the man had no sensation whatsoever in one hand. This indicated that his back might be broken.

The patrolman quickly summoned medical help and the skier was carefully taken to a first aid station at the foot of the hill. A doctor's examination showed that the man's spine was fractured in several places. Had the patrolman left the injured skier without ex-

amining him, the man might never have walked again.

At LaCrosse, Wisconsin, a patrolman came upon a fallen skier lying alongside a mountain trail. The man's skull was fractured. If he had not been found, he would certainly have frozen to death.

In 1952 the crack streamliner, "City of San Francisco," was snowbound in Donner Summit Pass in the High Sierras of California. National Ski Patrolmen, first to reach the marooned train, helped to evacuate its 196 passengers.

Those are examples of the work of one of the nation's least-known but most important rescue groups,

the National Ski Patrol. Patrolmen, who volunteer their services and receive no pay, have taken part in rescuing people in plane crashes, searched for stranded motorists and lost hunters, and carried on a constant program for safety in winter sports at ski areas throughout the United States.

THE SKI PATROL, founded on the two words "Service—Safety," is set up "To work towards greater safety and thus greater enjoyment in the sport of skiing." The system has patrols on the country's 500 major slopes from Maine to Southern California.

The organization's first aim is accident prevention and it gives instruction and safety precautions to the beginner. The offering of this training is based on the fact that well-taught beginners do not often get hurt. The Patrol also advises ski area operators on safety practices in skiing.

Patrolmen ski for their own pleasure during the day, but they are always on the lookout for accidents and hazards causing these accidents, such as tree stumps, branches and rocks. The Ski Patrol thoroughly investigates each mishap and forwards a report of each to a doctor in the area in which the mishap occurred. Since its beginning, NSPS has handled more than 36,000 accident cases.

The men and women wearing the distinctive rust-colored parkas

and orange-cross armbands "sweep" the trails just before dark to make sure that all skiers are safe below. At the end of the day the patrolmen are the last persons to ride the chair lift or tow rope to the tops of the slopes.

There are more than 4,000 volunteer men and women in the Ski Patrol, many of whom have been with the organization throughout its 19 years of existence.

Local patrolmen ski at one resort all winter long; national patrolmen, who are selected for outstanding ability and service, are on duty wherever they go. The latter are appointed by the system's national headquarters at Denver.

Prospective patrolmen take 40 hours of courses in first aid, winter safety and ski slope training which determines their ability as skiers. They must qualify themselves for service by a refresher course of at least six hours of first aid before beginning a new season.

The patrolman receives no payment for his services, except for free rides on lifts and tows. He must pay his own skiing expenses, even to the extent of buying his own first-aid equipment. The only material rewards he may receive are embroidered gold, silver or purple stars, given in recognition of meritorious service. These badges are sewed on the patrolman's parka.

The gold star is the highest honor. The silver star signifies that

the wearer has received honorable mention for the NSPS trophy. The Purple Merit Star is awarded for saving a life.

In 1940 there were 82 local patrols, and by the 1955-56 season the number had been increased to 462. Each has a membership of from 10 to 100 men and women, supervised by a district leader.

A divisional chairman directs the activities of regions within his division. The chairman and divisional headquarters are connected directly with the national office in Denver. All serve voluntarily and without pay.

THE SKI PATROL was founded by Charles Minot "Minnie" Dole, a New York insurance broker. In March, 1938, while he was skiing with friends on one of New England's ski slopes, he fell and fractured an ankle. There were no first aid supplies or equipment at hand, so Frank Edson, a member of the skiing party, went for help.

For an hour Dole lay in the freezing snow, unable to move without torturing himself. Finally his friends found a panel of corrugated tin and carried him down the slope. Two and a half hours later he reached a doctor.

While still in his cast, Dole heard that Edson had died in a similar accident. "Minnie" was determined to find a way of preventing ski accidents and providing care if they occurred.

Carrying his campaign to many interested skiers throughout the country, he gradually convinced them that a safety organization was needed to protect themselves and their favorite sport. With the help of the National Ski Association, of which NSPS is a part, the Patrol became the strong organization it is today.

During World War II, NSPS was asked to take part in civil defense work and turned its manpower and resources over to the War Department.

The Ski Patrol was charged with providing recruits for the 10th Mountain Division, an outgrowth of the 87th Infantry Mountain Regiment. NSPS screened more than 25,000 men and officers for this organization and formed Wilderness Patrols, which, as air spotters and anti-sabotage units, were valuable defense groups.

Similar organizations in Alaska, Canada, Germany and Chile have copied the American ski patrol system with the aid of NSPS. The Canadians use the United States' manual, parkas and other equipment.

During the last five years skiing has become one of the most popular sports in the nation. Thousands of new skiers head for slopes all over the country and many new skiing areas are opened each year. According to the United States Forest Service, there are two million skiers in this country and

Alaska and an estimated million more who ski in areas not accounted for by the Forest Service.

Most accidents, of which there were 4,200 reported in 1955-56, occur in the late afternoon (between 2 and 4), because of fatigue from the effects of a long day. Also, the snow usually melts during the day and by late afternoon is freezing over again. With less sunlight it becomes difficult for the skier to see the small irregularities and depressions in the snow's surface. Because there is a definite relationship between the number of accidents and the number of skiing lessons taken, NSPS offers courses

in skiing to beginners. Seventy-five percent of all accident victims have had no lessons, whereas only four percent of the victims have had more than 30 lessons.

A definite correlation between the number of accidents and the number of seasons of skiing experience also exists.

The National Ski Patrol System constantly has tried to prevent such accidents from happening. With its limited resources, obtained mainly through sales of supporting memberships and local fund drives, it has provided the nation a service unsurpassed by any other safety organization.

DOINGS OF A DEMOCRACY

C. Clement Easton, who was elected a member of the Springfield, Mass., city council, listed only one item in his campaign expense account: "Cup of coffee for an independent who was on the fence."

Arrested for begging, a man in Chicago expressed concern for only one thing. "What's going to happen," he wanted to know, "to my automobile?"

State Rep. William J. Kingston of Massachusetts has been vigorously opposing legislation to fine jaywalkers, declaring that "the pedestrian was here before the automobile" and that pedestrians have an "inherent right" to jaywalk.

Mayor Vernon Anderson of Hammond, Ind., gracefully bowed to the wishes of the 18,000 people who signed a petition urging him to run for another term—and then lost when only 15,937 people voted for him, while 16,359 voted for his opponent.



TOKYO'S TWELVE HOURS OF TERROR

by Daniel W. Henderson

On the night before Hirohito's broadcast announcing surrender, a band of soldiers staged a bloody rebellion

THE MORNING of August 15, 1945, dawned a hot and humid day in war-shattered Tokyo. News of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki had filtered through the censors to the people a few days before, but numbed by four years of war and around-the-clock B-29 raids on the city, the news of this new and terrible weapon had little effect upon them.

But the events which took place later in the day aroused the people to an emotional pitch never before experienced by the usually staid Japanese.

Precisely at 12 noon on that date a scratchy recording of Emperor Hirohito's voice went out from Radio Tokyo telling the Japanese their nation had suffered its first defeat in two thousand years and

that Japan, for the first time, would be occupied by a foreign army. The Emperor advised his subjects to lay down their arms and abide by the terms of the surrender which were to be announced later. Before the quavering voice faded away many Japanese were making preparations to commit suicide. Some killed themselves in their homes while others began a journey to Tokyo so they could die honorably in front of the imperial palace.

However, after the initial shock had passed, most Japanese accepted the imperial decree placidly but there were some who were determined that the surrender should be stalled as long as possible.

The Emperor had recorded his speech on the night of August fourteenth and despite tight secrecy precautions the news leaked out. Four young army officers attached to the palace guard organized a band of die-hard soldiers and that night raided the palace in an effort to find the recording and destroy it.

Overpowering the palace guards, they roused General Mori, commander of the Imperial Guard Division, and demanded that he conduct a search of the palace buildings. General Mori refused and a moment later fell dying under a hail of bullets. Several of his aides rushed to his side and were killed by the raiders.

A GROUP of the recalcitrants went to the office of General Yo-

shiro Umega, Chief of the General Staff, and asked him to lead the army in a revolt against the surrender. General Umega, a tired old man, would not listen to them. He was locked in his office and the building was burned.

In the meantime, the soldiers ransacked General Mori's blood-splattered headquarters. Unsuccessful in their search, they used the General's official seal and forged arrest orders for several Imperial officials, including Sotaro Ishiwata, Minister of the Imperial Household. Ishiwata, however, escaped the fate that awaited him. Returning to his home through the Tokyo blackout, he saw a number of soldiers around his house and, sensing they meant to harm him, he hid in an underground air raid shelter for the rest of the night. Tired of waiting for Ishiwata, the soldiers broke into the house smashing furniture and tearing through the walls. Growing more frantic by the minute, they set fires in the house and left in search of other victims.

Next on the list were the officials of Radio Tokyo. Forcing their way into the broadcasting studio, the rebels destroyed every record they could find but oddly enough did not wreck the transmitters. Government offices in the same building were searched. Upon leaving Radio Tokyo the soldiers stopped every government vehicle they saw on the streets and the occupants

were shot. The Prime Minister's residence was fired upon by machine gunners.

After an all-night, fruitless search the soldiers gathered before the gates of the imperial palace. This time they intended to kidnap the Emperor himself and hold him as a hostage. As they were preparing to storm through the gates they were confronted by General Seichi, Commander of the Eastern Army, who had been summoned by an officer of the palace guard.

THE GENERAL STOOD defiantly before them and in a voice plainly heard above the shouts, delivered a blistering tirade in which he accused the soldiers of the blackest

crime a Japanese could commit—armed rebellion against the Emperor.

The noise gradually died down. The General demanded that the four leaders disperse their followers, who, by this time, were quietly walking away. The young officers, their support fading, reverted to the iron discipline from which they had departed the night before. They saluted the General smartly and apologized for their actions. Facing the palace, they drew their revolvers and shot themselves.

A few hours later the voice of Emperor Hirohito was heard throughout Japan thus ending a long and terrible war, climaxed by a night of terror in Tokyo.

What is the best way to test the temperature of baby's bath?

When you put the baby in, if it turns red, it's too hot, if the baby turns blue, it's too cold, if the baby turns white, it needed a bath.

—A. W. STINSON

Just prior to the late Will Rogers' meeting President Coolidge for the first time, a friend of Rogers offered to bet him, that despite his humorous abilities, he could not make the President laugh within the first twenty minutes of their conversation.

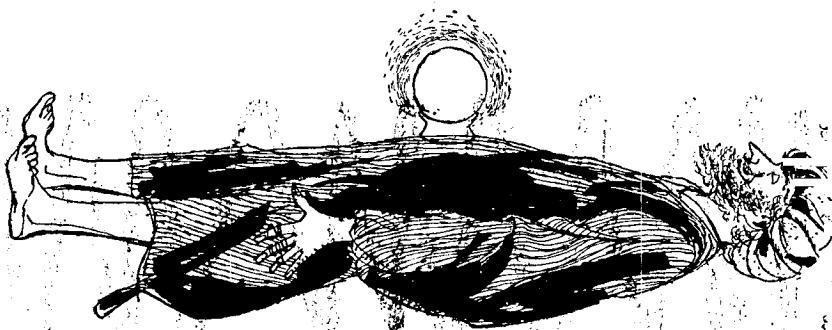
"I'll wager that I can make him laugh within the first *twenty seconds*," replied Will Rogers.

When Rogers was escorted into the Presidential chambers, the official protocol was observed, and the White House aide said: "Mr. Coolidge, I want to introduce Mr. Will Rogers."

Coolidge rose from his chair and extended his hand. However, Rogers kept his hand at his side, and with a quizzical look, said: "Excuse me, but I didn't quite get the name."

He won his bet.

—M. R. BEASLEY



by Alexander Key

THE TOWN THAT HAS NEVER KNOWN A CRIME

SCATTERED around our globe are at least fifty thousand honest witnesses who, if they wished, could tell you some amazing things about an odd little spot in Florida named Cassadaga. But unless you're well up on trumpet readings—and this has nothing to do with jive—you've probably never heard of the place. It is seven miles south of DeLand on a very lonesome road, and scarcely a hundred families live there the year 'round. Yet with winter its population triples, and a stream of visitors, estimated to be from 10,000 to 30,000, flow through there during the season.

Officially, Cassadaga is the home of a small group known as the Southern Cassadaga Spiritualist Association. Unofficially, however, it is the winter headquarters for America's spiritualists, and a Mecca for mystics and mediums from every corner of the earth.

Practically every one of Cassadaga's permanent families has its

psychic member, and nearly a fourth of these are practicing mediums. Cassadaga also has its spirits—if you are ill at ease with such presences and are allergic to ectoplasm, you are advised to give the place a wide detour, for the superstitious will warn you that every picturesque foot of this positively fey community is crawling with ghosts. Certainly I met more of them than I bargained for while there. And, to be frank, I'm still in a muddle over some of the things I heard.

Curiously, this most unusual town—there's no other like it in the country—isn't even on many highway maps, and the road marker when you turn east at Orange City is so inconspicuous that you'll pass it by if you're not watching carefully. But once on the right road you'll soon have the feeling that there's something strange about your surroundings. I traveled that lonesome stretch six times—in the most sober condition

Strange City of Spirits

—and was never able to shake the feeling. It is unearthly quiet country, unspoiled by signs, fences, or any clutter of man. Wild Florida it is, looking almost as George Colby, Cassadaga's founder, must have seen it sixty years ago.

The quiet seems only to deepen when you reach the brick pillars where the town proper begins. In fact, as you pass between those pillars, it's very much like stepping from one time track to another, except that time hasn't any meaning here.

In still other ways Colby's town is unique. Though it makes no claim to being America's most perfect community, it probably is, for it has no local taxes, no political wrangles, no indebtedness, no jail, no policeman, and in all its history it has never known a crime.

Naturally, there are reasons for such perfection. The association owns all the land—150 acres of it—and there's a seven-man board of elders who consider most care-

fully before allowing anyone to lease a building site. The town's record proves their wisdom over the years. The elders serve without pay, settle all disputes, handle such trivia as collecting water bills, and pay all the town's expenses from the community collection plate. Their posts are honorary and are held for only a year. Many Cassadagans are retired businessmen, but some are employed in DeLand and Orange City, and a few make their living as mediums.

As you explore the winding streets you'll see small signs such as these: *Wilbur Hull, Medium*; *Mrs. Gladys Besette, Medium*; *Rev. Peter Evert, Readings*; *Rev. E. B. Page, Medium*. Other signs proclaim trumpet readings and faith healing, or announce seances for certain evening hours.

Under the great trees by the lake is a large white masonry building dated 1923. This, you learn, is the spiritualists' Temple, where famous mediums and teachers come from all over the world to give lectures and provide a moderate tinkle of coins for community expenses. Behind the rostrum is a seance room.

On the Temple grounds, while you're wondering about seances and trumpet readings, you'll find the ubiquitous quail playing about a large bronze plaque that reads in part:

"In memory of George Colby, Jan. 7, 1848—July 27, 1933, Pike,

N. Y. He came to Florida in 1875 and was led through the wilderness by his spirit guides, 'Seneca, The Philosopher' and 'The Unknown', to the present location of the Southern Cassadaga Spiritualist Association."

The plaque goes on to relate that Colby (his pictures show a vigorous keen-eyed man of unusual strength of character instead of the ascetic dreamer one expects) was instructed by his spirit guides to organize a psychic center on this site. He did so, acquiring 35 acres of land around the lake as a beginning; three years later his permanent organization of Cassadaga was complete. It comes as an anticlimax to learn that what Colby did here was the fulfillment of a prophecy, for as a child he was told that he would establish a spiritualist center in the South.

Though the plaque indicates that Colby passed on to his reward more than 20 years ago, don't think for an instant that he is really dead. As Ray Babcock, the association's president, and George Lingenhoel, its secretary, both said to me, "We've seen Colby many times in recent years. He often materializes at seances and a lot of us have seen him and spoken to him."

RAY BABCOCK, a quiet-spoken retired businessman from New York State, told me, "It's nothing unusual for members of the Cassadaga group to see and speak to

friends and relatives who have passed on. For instance, I'm in constant touch with my wife, whom I lost a few years ago. Materializations, however, depend largely upon the medium—though a medium isn't always necessary."

"But you have to have some psychic power," Lingenhoel said. "Of course all of us around here are a little psychic—sort of 'off,' according to most folks. Here, let me show you something." Lingenhoel, a huge bear of a man whose living comes from rental property in Orange City, produced a photograph of himself with six spirit faces in the background. "It's mighty hard to get pictures like this. They're easy to fake—but this one's real. I swear it! It was taken at a private seance, and I was talking to all those people whose faces you see. The five at the top are all old friends from here—and the lady at the upper right had died only a couple days before!"

We spoke of fakers and hoaxes, and Ray Babcock said, "Fakers and charlatans come here occasionally, but they don't last long. It's our duty to keep them out. With us Spiritualism is a religion, and Cassadaga is one of the oldest licensed religious organizations in Florida. The practicing mediums here are not out for gain—they are sincere people who have been licensed by the National Spiritualist Association. Many of them, like Rev. Eloise Page, are ordained

ministers in the Spiritualist Church. And"—he paused and smiled—"don't think that's any small achievement. It takes seven years of the most intensive training to reach that height, and the ordination ceremony that follows is both sacred and profound. We haven't room here for mail-order reverends."

Since passing between the brick pillars my views of mediums and the occult had been undergoing some revision, but I was far from ready to accept all that I'd heard. And though I'd met people with professed psychic powers, I had yet to become acquainted with a real live practicing medium.

PERHAPS I'm a simple, credulous person, but after calling on Wilbur Hull and the Besettes, and making the acquaintance of Shafter Cassels, a trumpet reader, I'm ready to believe in everything from flying saucers to the Loch Ness Monster. I found them all to be homey salt-of-the-earth sort of people, surrounded by none of the silly trappings one usually associates with the occult. They astounded me by giving me information and advice on private matters known only to myself. Besette showed me letters from many VIP's attesting to some miraculous cures—one from an educated African chief who has relied on him for years, distance notwithstanding. When I met Hull he had just located a stolen outboard motor for

an out-of-town visitor; a "voice" told him where the motor could be found, and there it was found that day. Hull later amazed a friend of mine by giving a message in Greek—a language he did not know and had difficulty spelling—from a departed relative in Greece, who spoke of matters only a member of the family could have known about.

Eloise Page, whose accomplishments make her honorary head of the Cassadaga group, is the extremely attractive widow of E. B. Page, who was one of the world's greatest mystics. Her manner, reflective of a community where nothing ever seems to go wrong, is marked by unusual poise and calm. She teaches philosophy and natural law.

"Everyone," she told me, "has latent psychic power. The psychic sense, in fact, is only one of man's undeveloped senses. Our minds can be likened to radio stations, no two of which have the same range and frequency. It is because most of us operate on a comparatively low frequency—to use a layman's term—that mediums are necessary for contact with the spirit world. It is for that reason also that no two mediums have exactly the same powers. But the mind, you should understand, is everything. And with development anything is possible for it."

"Even levitation?" I asked.

"Even levitation," she said, smil-

ing. "But you might ask Wilbur Hull about that."

IT WAS a question that had to wait till the next day, for we were interrupted by George Lingenhoel and some of the Cassadaga elders who had brought Shafter Cassels, the only trumpet medium available that evening. We went to the seance room in the rear of the Temple.

Cassels, who is an Orange City carpenter, is a simple, quiet, untutored man with the kindest eyes I've ever seen. He had with him two 30-inch fiber trumpets, shaped exactly like small telescopes. When we were settled Ray Babcock said, "Shafter, do you suppose Mary's around this evening?"

"She's usually around," said Cassels. "But please don't expect much. I'm not feeling too strong this evening."

Cassels took his seat facing us and placed his trumpets upright on the table before him. Even before the room was darkened I saw him slump sideways into a trance, his mouth partially open. This was an impromptu sitting and I was expecting little save perhaps a few mystic raps and mumblings. I was a little startled when someone said devoutly, "We'll repeat the Lord's Prayer."

We chanted the prayer slowly. There followed a moment of utter silence. Then abruptly a little girl's voice came from overhead, "*Hello*

Mr. Shafter! I hope you're feeling lots better than you were this morning."

Cassels mumbled, "Hello Mary! I'm a little better, thank you."

Then to the rest of us Mary cried gaily, "*Hello, everybody! Hello Mr. Ray, Mr. George, Miss Eloisel! How're you all this evening?*"

The others present spoke to her in turn, and Ray Babcock said, "Mary, we've some visitors here to meet you."

"*I see them,*" she said. "*And there's lots of folks over here who want to talk to you all.*"

If I'd suddenly found myself playing hop-scotch with a moon-wraith, I couldn't have been more flabbergasted. That gay little voice, clear as a bell, giggling and full of eight-year-old mischief, was floating all about the room. What's more, one of the trumpets was no longer on the table in front of Cassels. Vaguely luminous, it was floating about with the voice. I could not see the other trumpet. Beside me George Lingerhoel said quickly, "Speak to Mary! Get her attention! Maybe she'll arrange for a talk with your father."

I managed to say, "Hello, Mary. I'm a stranger here—" and was interrupted by her giggle, "*You're no stranger. I know all about you!*"

Before I could rise from that one, she was speaking to the others and bringing forth old Cassadaga friends. What followed was like

old home week, with everyone talking at once to the voices floating overhead. In the middle of it the trumpet swung past my head and the mighty voice of an Indian roared a greeting that shook the room.

Finally it was quiet, and Mary was telling me that my father wanted to speak to me. This was a little like being exploded from bed at 3 A.M. by a long distance telephone call from someone you haven't seen in ages. The voice is familiar—beyond doubt—but in your numbed state all you can do at first is go through the hello-how-are-you routine while you're trying to gather your wits.

There was much more to that seance. But as startling as any of it was the strange reality of its ending—seeing, as the light came on, the trumpet floating down to settle on the floor near my feet, and hearing Mary's little voice drifting away, fading. *"Goodbye, everybody! Goodbye, Goodbye . . ."*

THE NEXT morning I spoke to Wilbur Hull, the psychometrist, about that gravity-defying trumpet and other kinds of levita-

tion, and he told this story. Being curious about the subject, he decided to experiment in it privately. "Table-tipping is a form of it," he said, "though here we look upon it as child's play. However, it happened that I'd never tried it, so I had a go at it one evening with some neighbors. We really raised the table—up over our heads. The following evening my neighbors brought over a stout English visitor who didn't believe it could be done. When the table began to rise the Englishman, who weighed all of 200 pounds, tried to hold it down. The table continued to rise and Moxon—that was his name—said, 'I'll hold this bloody table down if it's the last thing I do!'—and he threw himself across it. But all his weight didn't help. Moxon was carried nearly to the ceiling. I cried out fervently, 'If it please the powers, let the table descend gently!' Thank God, Moxon got down all right. When he was able to speak, he said, 'I'll be damned! I never saw anything like that in my life!' "

When I left Cassadaga I felt a little as Moxon must have felt—bewildered and amazed.

Clever Girl

Seated next to a famous astronomer at dinner was a seventeen year old student with a breezy manner. With a look of admiration she suddenly asked him: "What do you do for a living?"

"I study astronomy," the great man told her.

"What? At your age?" exclaimed the girl with disappointment. "Why I finished astronomy last year."

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME—

That Will Never Die. It was a Stephen Foster medley sung by a male quartet that could harmonize like a church organ.

How the natives loved those songs! Spellbound, they would drink in their beauty. Then, at the conclusion of the number, they would demand encores with applause that almost tore off the roof.

It was Andrew Fletcher who

They Can't Take That Away From Me!

"Oh! (deleted)

How My Heart Grows Weary..."

by Sam G. Wingfield

BACK IN his carefree youth, when this century was young and this writer was lithe and willowy, he toured the nation with a one-night stand minstrel show.

We weren't the biggest nor the best, but in our particular field—the small towns—we were popular and successful. Nearly always the burghers swarmed to the box office upon our arrival, and cheerfully spent their coin to see us perform.

The outstanding hit of our show was a vocal number called *Songs*

said: "Give me the making of a nation's songs and I care not who makes its laws." But the task of being a nation's song maker can be a cruel and a thankless one. If you doubt that, thumb through any biography of Stephen Collins Foster, who wrote America's foremost and most widely recognized folk songs.

True, he is in the nation's Hall of Fame, the only American composer ever to be so honored. And it is true, also, that his song, *Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair*, published in 1854, had the unique distinction of making the Hit Parade 87 years after publication. This was in 1940-41 during the battle of ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers) and the broadcasters, over the question of paying its members for use of their music on the air. But these honors came to Foster long after his death. During life

The AMERICAN MERCURY regrets the passing of Sam G. Wingfield, the author of this article.

he lived with heartbreak and misery. Swindled and exploited in his youth, his latter years were marked by poverty and illness.

Now, 90 years after his death, the unhappy Foster has been dealt the most humiliating blow of all: timorous executives of the television networks decided that his immortal classics *Swanee River*, *My Old Kentucky Home* and *Old Black Joe* are not fit for the ears of the present generation and should be cleaned up. The usually well-informed Dorothy Kilgallen recently revealed in her column that the big networks have drawn up a list of words, used by Foster in his familiar songs, which must be purged. Otherwise Foster will be banned from the air!

AND THEREBY hangs a tale—as they used to say back in Foster's lifetime—that has its climax in the halls of Congress!

One doesn't have to be a public opinion expert to detect the nasty hand of pressure groups behind this jittery and silly decision. Songs that Americans of all races and all creeds have enjoyed for over a century must now be Bowlderized because professional racists have decided that such words as "darkey," "massa," and "mammy" are offensive.

Foster, an American institution, must be rewritten because somebody in Manhattan made up his mind that these words cannot be

sung. Perhaps after all it was just as well that Al Jolson, the famed mammy-singer, went when he did. Imagine him downstage on one knee, arms wide-open and extended, desperately trying to rhyme "Mother" with "Alabamy!"

The issue is bigger, though, than Stephen Foster. The full implications of this censorship and re-writing of the American saga are frightening.

If minority groups can force the censorship of songs on a nation, what is to stop them from also attempting to censor the news? There is an unhappy precedent for such attempts. In the 1930's, Hitler shocked the world by banning Mendelssohn's music in Germany, because the composer was Jewish. Today, highly trained crews in communistic Russia and Red China have full time jobs re-writing history, philosophy and even theology. Here in America pressure groups are taking the first steps toward whittling away the barriers to complete censorship.

Music books used in the public schools have already been censored. In Washington, D.C., one such book entirely omitted Stephen Foster's best and most famous song, *Old Black Joe*. This with other instances of Bowlderizing—and the TV-Radio revisions of Foster's songs—roused the ire of several of our lawmakers.

When the Blue Grass State's Congressman, Frank Chelf, who has

been re-elected year after year, learned what the big brains of broadcasting had done to Stephen Foster's music in general—and to Chelf's native state's official song in particular—he began to sizzle.

He made a speech in Congress that glued members of that august body to their chairs, on both sides of the house, and filled the chamber with vociferous applause.

Said Mr. Chelf: "Mr. Speaker . . . Stephen Collins Foster, in an effort to capture, to protect and to preserve them forever for posterity, penned the immortal lines of these beautiful old folksongs. By doing so he contributed greatly to our American heritage . . . for over 100 years now people all over the world have loved, respected, and enjoyed Foster's delightful melodies. And at no time has anybody ever dared to say that he intended these songs to be a detriment, a reflection, an affront, a vilification, or an abuse to the colored race . . . Why, he meant to honor our colored folks and he did so sincerely and conscientiously with all of the artistic ability at his command. If we follow the same logic and reasoning of the networks in banning *Swanee River* and *My Old Kentucky Home* from the air, then we may have to change the name of the White House because this might conceivably be classified as discrimination.

"It would appear," Congressman Chelf continued, "that there is more

to this ban than meets the eye. Who is behind this decree—this pious decision? . . . According to the networks' philosophy and line of reasoning, *Silver Threads Among the Gold* might affront the elderly people of this great country . . . *My Old Kentucky Home* is more than just a song, a tune—it is a ritual. It is an integral part of America. It is part of her background, her folklore, her culture, her customs, her foundation, her very being—but these officials say it must be rewritten!

"We can worry all we want about destruction from without, but if we stand idly and permit any man or set of men to take it upon themselves to actually enact rules and regulations and then to enforce them as the law of the land, I say to you quite frankly that we had better begin to worry about destruction from within."

CHELF did more than make a speech: "I want to endorse the resolution introduced by my colleague, the gentleman from Kentucky, the Honorable John Watts," he announced, "which would request that the present Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce investigate those who have set themselves up as a national board of censors to regulate the morals, the thinking, the behavior, and the code of ethics of the great American people. I am thinking of introducing a similar resolution."

He did introduce such a resolution, citing the fact that the networks are government licensed, and demanding to know from the Federal Communication Commission whether or not it has authority to prohibit this arbitrary censorship. To put teeth in his censure, he also introduced a bill designed to put an end to private song censorship.

Here's what the Chelf bill does: Imposes fines and jail sentences on TV-Radio executives who censor, edit, delete, change or modify any song, lyric, verse, manuscript, and the like, without first getting an okay from the Federal Communications Commission for their proposed changes. It further provides fines of \$1,000 to \$5,000 for the first offense. Upon conviction of the second offense it becomes a felony. Any official directly or indirectly responsible for such violation can be imprisoned for five years and can be fined \$25,000, either or both, at the discretion of the jury. This bill (H.R. '57; 9115) comes up for action in 1958. Those who ought to know say its chances for passage are good. Should you want your Congressman to back it, write to tell him so.

OTHER Congressmen joined the crusade. Among them were Robert Sikes and "Billy" Matthews, both of Florida, which boasts a Stephen Foster Memorial and whose state song is *Swanee River*.

Mr. Matthews also made a speech. Among other things he said: "Just this past week, one of our citizens from the District of Columbia came to my office to point out how the words of Stephen Foster songs have been changed in the songbooks." Citing instance after instance,—song, book and publisher,—Congressman Matthews proved that censorship of the Foster songs has been practised by the book publishers. "I cannot understand why the words of . . . a dead author have been changed," he said. "His words were carefully selected . . . I think it is improper censorship to change the words of these songs—all of which have a delicate and proper shading."

Congressman Matthews introduced his bill (H.R. '57; 9346), asking the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce to investigate. "I think we should look into not only the censorship by television and radio stations of the works of Stephen Foster," he said, "but we should also look into the censorship . . . in certain books."

Of course the publishers and broadcasters don't call it censoring. They talk about "editing," "codes," and "continuity acceptance."

Call it what you will, if this censorship—which seeks to re-write the American heritage—is allowed to continue, here's what we may expect to emanate from the master minds who rule the airwaves:

To placate the Irish, *My Wild*

Irish Rose will be changed to *My Chaste Irish Rose*, because the term "wild" is highly suggestive. Also the word, "Paddy" must be dropped from *The Wearing of the Green*, as Irish-Americans don't like it.

To appease our English cousins, we will discontinue the use of the childhood chantey, *London Bridge Is Falling Down*. The bridge is in excellent repair and there's absolutely no danger of its collapse.

Women's Christian Temperance Union will protest *Comin' Thru the Rye* and will insist on *Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes*.

DO YOU THINK these changes ridiculous? Then consider again what has been done to Foster. Remember that the innocuous words, forbidden by the networks, were not written last week. They were penned more than a hundred years ago; they were loved then and they are loved now.

Congressman Oren Harris of Arkansas, as Chairman of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, addressed a letter to each of the four principal radio and television networks in the United States requesting information concerning this practice of censoring the lyrics of Stephen Foster songs. The American Broadcasting Company and the Mutual Broadcasting System replied that they had no such policies. The National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System frankly ad-

mitted that they had engaged in these censorship practices for years in line with their policies of presenting "with dignity and objectivity the varying aspects of race, creed, color and national origin."

Mr. Harris reports: "I requested the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System to review their policies and practices, particularly with regard to situations involving officially adopted State songs. The two networks complied with my request for a review of their policies and have advised the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce that their policies and practices will be modified with regard to State songs.

"I am gratified that the two networks have voluntarily modified their policies with respect to official State songs (and in the case of the Columbia Broadcasting System also with respect to songs and lyrics which 'are part of our folkways'). On the other hand, the question of the power of censorship held and exercised by some networks which control many of the programs seen on the nation's television screens continues to be a serious one and the Committee undoubtedly will have occasion in the future to go further into this question."

Now, if the audience will kindly rise and join us in song, we will sign off with the familiar favorite, *Old White Joe*.

IS THERE A FOREIGN AID RACKET?

by David Shea Teeple

How "*Liberals*" Get Paid Off
Out of Our Taxes

IN 1938 the Congress of the United States passed a law entitled, "The Foreign Agents Registration Act." Under this Act, the Attorney General of the United States is required to report annually to the Congress on its administration. In the latest report dated June 1957 the Attorney General states: "The principal purpose of Congress in enacting the Foreign Agents Registration Act was to throw the spotlight of publicity upon the propaganda and other activities of those who are hired by foreign principals . . ."

This article is an attempt to assist the Attorney General in carrying out the avowed purpose of the Congress. It is important to emphasize that persons are only re-

quired to register as agents of a foreign principal if their activities are conducted "within the United States." Furthermore, "It may be assumed that persons who are legitimately engaged as agents of foreign principals have nothing to fear from public disclosure of their activities."

Few public men have had a more extensive record of service with the United States government or have been more eloquent in their expression of liberalism and disinterested social consciousness than David E. Lilienthal. For this reason, his activities and personal profits as a "Registered Agent of a Foreign Principal" deserve publicity. Let us examine the activities of a corporation known as Development and Resources Corporation, 44 Wall Street, New York 15, New York.

The stock of this Corporation is owned by David E. Lilienthal (Chairman of the Board), Gordon R. Clapp (President of the Corporation), and Lazard Freres & Company (stockholders). David E. Lilienthal was formerly chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and the Atomic Energy Commission; Gordon R. Clapp was chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority; and Lazard Freres & Company is an international investment banking firm. Both Mr. Lilienthal and Mr. Clapp are lawyers. The registration number of the Development and Resources Corporation

and of Mr. Lilienthal and Mr. Clapp is Number 969. The public records do not reflect, however, the assets of the Development and Resources Corporation or the amount or value of the stock possessed by Lilienthal, Clapp or Lazard Freres & Company.

According to the Department of Justice, in the year 1956 this organization received \$1,811,473.92 from the government of Iran, \$32,960.61 from Colombia, South America, and \$125,000.00 from Italy. The total payments reported during 1956 from foreign governments to the Development and Resources Corporation, therefore, amounts to \$1,969,434.53. Fantastic though it may seem the Iranians paid a large portion of their fee in advance and the Development and Resources Corporation invested this advance payment in short-term United States government securities on which they received interest.

UNDER THE LAW, the foreign agent must deposit with the Department of Justice the contractual agreement setting forth the work to be performed. These are the statements which were filed:

IRAN: "In accordance with the contract of March 29, 1956 and the contract supplement of December 1, 1956, copies of which have been previously filed as exhibits, the Corporation (Development and Resources Corporation) is carrying

out selective engineering, agricultural, mineral and industrial investigations in the Khuzestan region of Iran to obtain facts and information relating primarily to the Karun and Karkheh river basins and to the gas resources of the region. During the course of, and at the conclusion of the investigations, recommendations relating to the unified resource development of the region will be made to the Plan Organization ('an agency of Government of Iran'). At the same time, the Corporation has begun to determine, in consultation with the Plan Organization and other public agencies, the extent of its participation in the execution and operation of certain development projects in Iran in the fields of agriculture and industry."

ITALY: "In accordance with the contract of October 1, 1956, a copy of which has been previously filed as an exhibit, the Corporation's (Development and Resources Corporation) executive officers have held consultations with officers of the 'Cassa' ('... an agency of the Government of Italy') and of other interested groups and concerns, and have begun studies of the relevant background materials necessary to enable the Corporation to pursue its role as advisor and consultant to the 'Cassa' program in the south of Italy."

COLOMBIA: "The Corporation has continued to provide advice to CVC ('Public corporation

established by Government of Colombia') on general development policy, organization and administration, financial policy and structure, and to maintain liaison with governmental and national agencies for CVC, but in a manner not involving the Corporation acting as CVC's official agent. The Corporation also maintains, on request of CVC, liaison with private individuals or corporations interested in private business and industrial development opportunities in the Cauca Valley."

Of further interest is an announcement filed with the Department of Justice on August 2, 1956, in which Lazard Freres & Company and David E. Lilienthal stated that: "The scope of the Corporation's services will include counsel in production of energy from all sources, including atomic energy, when economically feasible."

The Registration Statements both by the Corporation and by individual employees list three articles, two speeches, and five press releases prepared in the United States by the corporation or members thereof. Insofar as can be ascertained by an examination of the records, these speeches and releases are completely innocuous.

In addition to the principal stockholders, there are apparently five registered employees, one of whom is Mr. Lilienthal's son. The expenditures for salaries of all registered

employees made by the Corporation during the period from April 1956 to February 1957, as shown on the United States Department of Justice Registration Statements, is less than \$50,000. This same source shows that Mr. Lilienthal received less than \$4,000 during the entire fiscal year ending June 30, 1956 which he states was not salary but "reimbursement for expenses incurred on behalf of the Corporation" and Mr. Gordon Clapp received less than \$8,000 for the period from March 1 to May 31, 1956.

NOW HAVING set forth the record as contained in the files of the Department of Justice, it is only fair to ask certain questions and allow the reader to draw his own conclusions: 1. In fiscal years 1956 and 1957 the government of Iran received from the United States in defense and technical assistance \$117 million, and since 1951, Iran has received \$210 million in "non-military assistance." What could this "Development and Resources Corporation" do for the government of Iran in 1956 which was worth \$1,811,000?

What activities "within the United States" can develop the natural resources of Iran, Colombia, and Italy? By taking stock in the Development and Resources Corporation in lieu of salary it will be possible for Mr. Lilienthal, Lazard Freres & Company, and associates to take advantage of a 25 percent tax

under the capital gains provision instead of having to pay the tremendous taxes on this \$1,969,424.63 income which ordinary American citizens would have to pay, were they so fortunate as to receive such sums. A provision inserted in the Iranian contract with Development and Resources Corporation said: "The amount stipulated to be paid by ORGANIZATION TO DEVELOPMENT shall be paid in United States dollars, except such portion of the costs which DEVELOPMENT agrees to receive in Rials."

Are the American people willing to give the government of Iran millions of dollars in defense and technical assistance funds when that government can afford to pay such exorbitant fees to a small group of American citizens to do the same type of work?

IN VIEW of the association of Mr. Lilienthal and former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, it is significant that the law firm of Cov-

ington & Burling (with which Acheson is associated) has been a registered agent for the government of Iran since 1950. The story of this particular operation can be examined by any American citizen who desires to go to the Foreign Agents Registration section, Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., on any official business day. In 1949 Mr. Lilienthal, while a highly publicized Washington official, wrote: "We are witnessing in some quarters as ugly a scene of hoggishness and money-mania as we have seen since the days of the twenties. Disregard for our ethical precepts . . . poison the wells of our material as well as our spiritual strength."

What, we may be excused for asking now, does Mr. David E. Lilienthal, the Pet of the New Deal, do for these as yet unaccounted for \$2,000,000 U.S. dollars a year which are being paid into his Development and Research Corporation of 44 Wall Street, New York?

The Mark of Rank

My brother-in-law was a young Navy enlisted man on shore leave in New Orleans. As he was walking swiftly along the street, he turned a corner and collided with a pedestrian, and knocked him to the ground. The pedestrian happened to be an Admiral. After helping him to his feet, my brother-in-law saluted the Admiral and apologized for causing such an unpardonable accident. "That's all right son," said the Admiral. "Just be thankful I'm not an Ensign."

*The true story of a
strange experiment*

CAN HUMANS HIBERNATE?



by Waldo Carlton Wright

WOULD YOU like to enjoy the wonders that lie ahead, a ten-hour work week, interstellar flight, life as it will be, a hundred or thousand years from today? Now through quick-freeze that may be possible, biologists tell us, by techniques that are already being used in hospitals as a type of anesthetic.

Hibernation of animals is a known phenomenon. Bears, turtles, bats and hedgehogs burrow away for the winter. Human beings have been frozen and resuscitated, as was Dorothy Mae Stevens, a 23-year-old Negress found apparently dead in a Chicago alley in February five years ago and thawed at the Michael Reese Hospital. Recently, an expectant mother in Newcastle, England, was held in

cold storage for a week while recovering from a brain injury.

So, who is to say that a human being cannot remain dormant and be reactivated at a set time, years after being quick-frozen?

Human hibernation has been practiced, say the Russians, who record instances of peasants who seal up their homes and sleep through the Siberian winters. Chinese are said to have survived famine by similar induced inaction, comparable to sleep, for long periods.

Right here in this country persists the strange story of an instance of putting human beings away for the winter. One fall, there just wasn't enough food to sustain the little community of West Montpelier, Vermont, through the win-

ter. In 1823 late spring frosts had burned off the fruit buds. Rust had shriveled the wheat stalks and little pigs had died of cholera.

With too many mouths to feed, the village leaders called a communal meeting to talk out their dilemma. The outlook was grim. The miller, whose father was 92, suggested that if something could be done about the old folks and the boy with the club foot, they might be able to survive the winter.

Then the village carpenter came up with an idea. At first there were indignant and loud objections then one by one the leaders fell silent. First the miller agreed. And then the others decided it was better than starving.

SO THE NEXT Saturday afternoon the neighbors assembled around a log fire in the miller's hearth. Soon the five old people and the boy were parked in front of the fire and treated to mugs of mulled cider.

While these sipped the brew, the women were busy sewing up the seams of long white muslin bags. From the woodshed outside came the noise of hammering and sawing as the men worked with the carpenter to complete the rough boxes.

By evening when the nor-easter hit, the five old people and the boy with the club foot had dozed in their chairs, drugged by the hard

cider. The women stripped them and wedged their bodies into the white shrouds. All was readied for the first test of human hibernation.

By nine the thermometer on the miller's porch had sunk to ten degrees below zero. By ten o'clock it was down to 20 below. The men nodded to one another. The bodies of the drunk oldsters were carried out and placed on a platform of logs where the biting wind was blowing down from the mountain. A few minutes after the men hurried back into the house, nature had frozen the bodies of the victims inside the white shrouds as stiff as icicles.

The next morning before sun-up, the men dragged out the white pine boxes, put in a layer of wheat straw, placed the frozen bodies inside and nailed down the lids. The boxes were piled on an ox cart. The weird calvacade, headed by the chanting pastor, struck out across the lake for the foot of the mountain. There the men scooped an opening in the snow drifts along the face of a ledge and laid the boxes in place. The women singing a hymn covered them with pine boughs and then the men heaped on a coverlet of snow, to discouraged prowling wolves. The parson said a few reassuring words and the ox team headed back to West Montpelier.

There, under the snow, from late November through April, the six Vermonters slept like hiber-

nating bears, unaware of the pangs of hunger. Meanwhile, their relatives ate the oxen, then the warty potatoes, and finally deer moss and the broth of leather straps and shoe soles, to keep them alive.

At the first thaw, a shipment of flour reached the village. The men assembled and again trekked out to the snow bank to recall their relatives. The boxes were shoveled out of the snow and taken to the miller's yard.

The carpenter pried the lids off the boxes while the miller and the women crowded around to see the waxlike bodies under the straw. The beards of the men and the hair of the women had continued to grow during the five months and the skin of their bodies seemed to be filled out and wrinkle free.

THE WOMEN had built roaring fires under kettles of water. Wooden troughs had been chipped free of ice to receive the frozen bodies. At first lukewarm water was poured around the stiff bodies. Dippers of hotter and hotter water were added, until all but the faces were immersed and thawing.

By noon the chest and cheeks of the club-footed boy grew pink. He wrinkled his nose, half sneezed, then opened his eyes wide in wonder, as if wakened from a pleasant sleep. Awakening the oldsters took longer. Meanwhile their relatives massaged their arms and legs, at first hopefully and then with a sort

of frantic desperation. By three o'clock, three of the women began to breathe. They were at once lifted from the troughs, carried indoors, dressed in their own clothes and given hot milk.

The miller's father was the only one of the six who never came out of his stupor. Some of the women "allowed" that was just what they might expect, as folks knew he was always the stubbornest man in West Montpelier.

By four o'clock, the five had again fallen asleep. Their relatives laid them out on the floor of the miller's cottage where they slept through the night. Next morning, as it grew light, they stretched, yawned and began to whimper like babies for food. After their second bowl of mush and milk, they began to chatter about the little things that had worried them before they were hibernated. Apparently they remembered nothing since they had taken their cups of hard cider over five months before.

This first known instance of human hibernation was reported in his diary by a Boston doctor who claims he was present when the five people were revived. This record was printed for the first time in the *Argus Patriot* of Montpelier December 24, 1887, over 50 years later. Since then accounts of this experiment in hibernation have appeared in many New England newspapers, including the highly authenticated *Vermont Life*.

NOW BIOLOGISTS are again looking at these and similar stories with a little more credence. Dr. Choh Hao Li, Professor of Biochemistry, University of California, believes that man survived the Ice Ages by hibernation.

Supporting the theory that human beings may survive quick freezing is the fact that prematurely born babies are cold blooded, or *poikilotherms*, able like snakes, salamanders and frogs, to adjust their body temperature to that of their environment.

Body temperature, it is now known, is controlled by the *hypothalamus*, a small section of the brain cortex just above the pituitary gland. Here lies the thermostat that in animals and humans becomes inactive as body temperature drops.

Quick freezing does not destroy or burst the cells. This is why quick frozen vegetables can be

thawed and closely resemble in flavor those just picked from the garden. In the same way it is not beyond possibility that human beings, quick frozen, rendered inert and inactive and held in this state indefinitely, can be rescued from time.

"When you are dead," writes J. B. S. Haldane in his book, *Adventures of a Biologist*, "I can take some of your white blood corpuscles and grow them in a suitable fluid for years. For soon after you die, there is still life in your body, the life of the cells."

So if you yearn to travel into space and feel you may not live to see that wonder, how about being the first volunteer to repeat the Vermont experiment in human hibernation? You can probably even get some progressive insurance company to cover your chances of being revived 50 or a 1,000 years from now.

Some 46 million (American) voters from 21 to 40 years of age have lived in America under no social conditions save those of depression and war and under no form of government save that administered by what has been called the New Deal.

... Our difficulties do not have their origin in the struggle with Russia or our massive debt and oppressive taxes squandered all over the world. These are the external and visible symptoms of our illness. America is sick. Our basic disease is that we have abandoned the American system of government. We have dismantled the American Republic and reconstructed it on an alien and corrupt plan.

— JOHN T. FLYNN
*The Decline of the American
 Republic and How to Rebuild It*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT **FORESAW** FELIX FRANKFURTER

by Thomas B. Quinn

*The Frankfurter Report of 1917, in favor
of the IWW, should have been a warn-
ing to Franklin Roosevelt—and Congress . . .*

THEODORE Roosevelt, who well knew that leopards do not change their spots, looked carefully at Felix Frankfurter in 1917, when Wilson began allowing Frankfurter to do his White House investigating and reporting of IWW disturbances. "I agree with your criticism of the ridiculous creatures whom Wilson puts into office," he wrote Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in August 1917. "Felix Frankfurter is an absurd misfit."

Frankfurter, down from Harvard, had been let into the White House as Wilson's counsel to the President's Mediation Commission. It was not until November, 1917, however, that the Big Game Hunting ex-President had reason to draw a public bead on Frankfurter and fire at him directly. Revolution-plotters of the International Workers of the World (IWW) had started riots among the copper workers in Bisbee, Arizona. The local sheriff

and his deputies had rounded them up and tossed them over the Arizona State border. Legal Counsel Frankfurter's report to Wilson said that "the right of free and unrestricted movement" of these IWW subversives had been infringed, should be restored, and recommended that such seizures and deportations from the State of Arizona should be "dealt with as an offense against" the federal government. That a State's sovereign right to deal with subversives within its border should be lifted from a State into the federal domain found few 1917 friends other than Frankfurter; it took 40 years until Supreme Court Justices could be found, *Justice* Felix Frankfurter concurring, similarly to rule—in the Steve Nelson Communist decision.

Theodore Roosevelt, following publication of this Wilsonian advisor's ruling, sent Frankfurter a

letter in which, on December 17, 1917, he minced no words: "You have taken and are taking, on behalf of the Administration, an attitude which seems to me to be fundamentally that of Trotsky and the other Bolshevik leaders in Russia; an attitude which may be fraught with mischief to the country. . . . When you, representing President Wilson, found yourself obliged to champion men of this stamp you ought, by unequivocal affirmative action, to make it evident that you were sternly against their general and habitual line of conduct."

HERE WAS the first public rebuke to Legal Counsel Frankfurter: "One of the prominent leaders in that (Bisbee) deportation," Roosevelt continued, "was my old friend Jack Greenway, who has just been commissioned a Major in the Army by President Wilson. Your report is as thoroughly misleading a document as could be written on the subject. No official, writing on behalf of the President, is to be excused for failure to know, and clearly set forth, that the IWW is a *criminal* organization. . . . No human being in his senses doubts that the men deported from Bisbee were bent on destruction and murder. . . . When no efficient means are employed to guard honest, up-

right and well-behaved citizens from the most brutal kind of lawlessness, it is inevitable that these citizens shall try to protect themselves; and when either the President personally, or by representative, rebukes the men who defended themselves from criminal assault, it is necessary to point out that heavier blame attaches to investigators who fail to point out the criminal character of the anarchistic organization against which decent citizens have taken action.

"You (Frankfurter) are engaged in excusing men precisely like the Bolsheviks in Russia, who are murderers and encouragers of murder; who are traitors to their allies, to democracy, and to civilization, as well as to the United States. In times of danger nothing is more common, and nothing more dangerous to the Republic than for men to avoid condemning criminals who are really public enemies, by making their entire assault upon the shortcomings of the good citizens who have been the victims or opponents of the criminals."

The proclivity of Felix Frankfurter in 1917 to appease the IWW American wing of Bolshevik Communism—while the Russian people were being plundered and massacred overseas—should be remembered in 1958. Here rests *new* dangers for our Republic!

» Many an excellent man is tempted to forget that the best offering he can make his children is himself. — Henry Neuman

THE FEDERAL INVASION OF ARKANSAS

IN THE LIGHT OF THE CONSTITUTION

by R. Carter Pittman

The author, R. Carter Pittman, attorney at law of Dalton, Georgia, is a member of the Board of Bar Examiners of the State of Georgia, the American and Georgia Bar Associations, the American Judicature Society and National Federation of Insurance Counsel. He is the author of many articles in the field of Constitutional Law and history, published in the American Bar Association Journal, the Virginia Law Review, Georgia Bar Journal, Alabama Lawyer, Florida Law Journal, and other publications. He began years ago collecting originals and copies of letters, manuscripts and holographs by or relative to George Mason of Virginia, author of the Virginia Declaration of Rights, June 12, 1776, (3 weeks before the Declaration of Independence) and of the Virginia Constitution of the same year—from which our U.S. Constitution's Bill of Rights was derived. He is an authority on the Bill of Rights and Constitutional law pertaining to it.

SINCE the Federal Government is a parchment Government created by a written instrument, which we know as the Constitution, all officers of that Government, including the President, must look to that parchment for every power that they exercise, whether in Washington or in Little Rock. That is true, not only of the President; but of the Congress and of the Federal Courts.

If a power is not granted to

federal officers by the Constitution itself such power is retained by the States or by the people.

The Tenth Amendment states that truism, but that was true before the Tenth Amendment was adopted. It was spelled out merely to settle and satisfy the minds of those who were fearful of the evils that lurked in the shadows of the new and untried government. Thus, the Federal Constitution is the power-of-attorney of those

whose offices were created by the Constitution.

The exercise of a power not granted in the Constitution itself is usurpation. The usurpation of power creates no legal authority. Upon the integrity of that principle rests the validity of every right man has ever wrested from power and every liberty he has ever torn from tyrants. The soundness of that proposition is not disputed among men of learning and honor anywhere.

So, we must search the Constitution to see if we can find authority for the actions of President Eisenhower in sending federal troops to Little Rock and in federalizing Arkansas troops. There are only two provisions of the Constitution relating to such a situation.

One, relating to the use of federalized state troops, appears in Article I and the other, relating to the use of federal troops, appears in Article IV of the Constitution. The latter provides that the United States shall protect each state "against invasion; and on Application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature *cannot* be convened) against domestic violence."

OBVIOUSLY, there has been no invasion or threatened invasion of Arkansas, hence the President had no authority to send federal troops into Arkansas, ex-

cept upon the application of the Legislature of Arkansas for the purpose of putting down domestic violence. The Legislature of Arkansas did not ask for federal troops and since there is no reason why it could not be convened, the Governor of Arkansas has no authority to call on the President to send federal troops. If the Governor of Arkansas had such authority he has not exercised it. Therefore, the President had no authority to send federal troops into Arkansas under any fair construction of Section 4 of Article IV or of any other provision of the Constitution.

The other provision relating to the use of military force by the President, in Section 8 of Article I, empowers the Congress "to provide for calling forth the Militia to execute the Laws of the Union, suppress Insurrection and repel Invasion".

Obviously, there was no insurrection to be suppressed and no invasion to be repelled in Arkansas; therefore, the Congress had no power to authorize the President to call forth, or federalize the state troops or militia of Arkansas, unless it was "to execute the laws of the Union."

Shortly after the Civil War and during the reconstruction period the Congress, while led by sadistic men, attempted to authorize the President to federalize state troops under certain conditions. It is not

necessary to examine those acts because the authority of the Congress itself is limited by the specific constitutional provision quoted.

The final and crucial question is whether or not the President acted "to execute the Laws of the Union" in accordance with the Constitution. The answer to that question answers all questions as to the existence of an "insurrection".

What are the "Laws of the Union"? The phrase "the Laws of the Union" has the identical meaning as the phrase "the law of the land", which is defined in Article VI as "this Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof;" (and treaties). *A decision of the Supreme Court of the United States or any other federal court is excluded by the definition itself.* As a matter of fact, Article III of the Constitution provides that the judicial power of federal court may not extend to any case arising under federal "law", unless that law be "this Constitution, the

Laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority", thus repeating the definition of "the law of the land".

NO FEDERAL or state court of record in America has ever held that a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States or that of any other federal court is "the law of the land" or "the Law of the Union". Such decision is never anything more than *the law of the case* actually decided by the court and binding only upon the parties to that case and on no

Those who favored a Bill of Rights, knowing that power feeds upon itself and tends to increase as a malignant growth, feared that those in power would find an excuse to assert that the new government was a consolidated government able "to promote the general welfare" without limits. In order to quiet the people the Tenth Amendment was made to say:

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."—R. Carter Pittman

others. As was said by Charles Warren, in his *History of the Supreme Court*, page 748, Volume 2:

"However the court may interpret the provisions of the Constitution, it is still the Constitution which is the law and not the decision of the court."

Federal courts must look to the Constitution for their powers and their jurisdiction the same as the President and the Congress. If

jurisdiction is not conferred by the Constitution it cannot be conferred by the Supreme Court itself. Only the Congress

may make a federal law under authority granted in the very first line of the Constitution, which vests the power to make law in the Congress. The First Amendment predicates our most precious Freedom on the proposition that only the Congress may make a federal law.

The common law is not a part of the body of federal laws as it is a part of the body of state laws. Hence all federal laws must be "made" by lawmakers in the manner provided in the Constitution. When *made* they are written to be read, while state laws may be unwritten. A decision of the Supreme Court of a state expounding

or declaratory of common law may, in a sense, become a *law of the state* until changed by the legis-

lature of that state, when that state has adopted or inherited the common law, as have all American states except Louisiana. The federal courts are bound by the common law of the states, in diversity of citizenship cases, as declared by the highest courts of the states. The Federal Constitution did not adopt the common law; hence federal courts must hunt the law within the four corners of the Constitution or within the bounds of statutes or treaties. If federal courts find "the

Every effort to establish despotism in America prior to the American Revolution was done through servile tribunals, exercising judicial power, without the intervention of impartial juries, and under the control of those who wielded the power of government.

Is it any wonder that the Constitution's framers determined that never again in America should lives or liberties or property be taken from the people, in the name of government, except by the verdict of a jury and the judgment of a judge emancipated from control by the President, the Congress, Karl Marx or Karl Myrdal? The framers would have been stunned if they had dreamed that some day a packed Supreme Court bench would "refuse to turn back the clock" to fundamental principles so as to turn up the clock to Myrdal, whose book, *The American Dilemma*, is now *Corpus Juris Tertius* in federal *pseudo-socio* law that displaces constitutional law.

law of the land" or "the Law of the Union" elsewhere they must go to sociology or to alien philosophy—and their judges become usurpers. If there is "insurrection" in Arkan-

sas it is against the laws of Arkansas—not against any federal laws.

It is contended by some that the 14th Amendment is involved and that such Amendment constitutes a “law of the Union” authorizing the use of state troops by the President. If we concede that the 14th Amendment was legally adopted it provides how it is to be implemented and enforced. That was not left to chance, caprice—or to Warren. It says in its last clause that only the Congress has the power to implement or enforce it. If one line of the Amendment is legal, the last line is legal. If that Amendment confers power

on the Congress to legislate with respect to segregated schools (which need not be discussed here), the Congress has passed no law since its adoption relating to segregated schools in Arkansas

or in any other State, except to establish segregated schools in the District of Columbia and to sanction them in laws relating to the distribution of surplus commodities in the schools of the states.

“The law of the land” and “the law of the Union” is the same today as it was on May 16, 1954, as it was in 1927 when a unanimous Supreme Court bench upheld segregated schools in *Gong Lum vs. Rice*, as was held in *Plessy vs. Ferguson* in 1896, with one judge dissenting, and as it was during all preceding and intervening years. The Supreme Court rested its integration decision of May 17, 1954, on sociological writings—not

The current effort of the Eisenhower administration to go “modern” and destroy jury trials and set up servile tribunals is as old as tyranny itself. The argument of Assistant Attorney General Warren Olney III for the Administration on April 5th, 1957, in Washington, D. C., reads as if torn from the note book of Charles I in 1631.

When the Stuart Kings determined to turn their arbitrary wills into law, the first thing they did was to by-pass juries and establish tribunals whose judges were dependent upon the smiles of the crown both as to tenure and as to pay. Those the least familiar with American history should know that it was the tyrannical tribunals of the Stuart Kings that brought about the first settlement of the American continent by the English people.—R. Carter Pittman

on the Constitution. An alien socialist, Myrdal, of socialistic Sweden, was substituted by Warren and Frankfurter for Mason, Franklin, Morris, Wilson, Madison and Marshall.

THERE IS no "law of the Union" on which the President's order may legally rest. Since the President had no "law of the Union" to enforce in Little Rock he had no Constitutional authority to federalize Arkansas troops.

The second paragraph of the Bill of Rights records a lot of forgotten history. It says: "A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a *free* State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed."

When the Militia of Arkansas

was federalized by President Eisenhower's edict, the State of Arkansas lost constitutional freedom and its people lost security from despotism.

What is said here relates to *right*—not *might*.

It relates to Constitutional power—not usurped power. Boss Tweed once said, "the way to have power is to take it". President Eisenhower has torn a page out of that notorious old man's philosophical book; he has not used a page or a paragraph from *any* law book.

The Mercury's H. L. Mencken Had This To Say:

"The only guarantee of the Bill of Rights which continues to have any force and effect is the one prohibiting quartering troops on citizens in time of peace. All the rest have been disposed of by judicial interpretation and legislative whittling. Probably the worst thing that has happened in America in my time is the decay of confidence in the courts. No one can be sure any more that in a given case they will uphold the plainest mandate of the Constitution. On the contrary, everyone begins to be more or less convinced in advance that they won't. Judges are chosen not because they know the Constitution and are in favor of it, but precisely because they appear to be against it."—H. L. Mencken

The Ways of Women

In order for any diet to be successful it must first provide a woman with some interest to replace shopping, cooking and eating.

—Gerard Dennis

A mother with six children boarded a bus and gave the driver so much trouble that he said at the end of the trip, "Lady, I wonder why you don't leave half of your youngsters at home when you travel."

The mother looked him straight in the eye and said: "I did!"

COMMON MARKETS:

*The United States pursues
a free-trade policy while
Europe adopts our sound
"common market" plan.*

LET US KEEP OUR OWN

by E. F. Tompkins

HERE IS an issue with which Congress must soon grapple: Europe is adopting the abandoned American policy of protecting its home markets, while America is pursuing further the New Deal's visionary free-trade practices.

The White House has announced its intentions to a House Subcommittee which is completing a two-year study of our tariff and trade laws. The Administration will ask Congress to extend again, probably for five years, the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act under which our protective tariff system has been virtually demolished. This decision has been made despite the facts that the Tariff Commission has before it numerous appeals from American industries injured by foreign competition under the low-tariff policy and, in several instances, has recommended remedial action.

The Administration will also ask Congress again to vote the United States into a proposed Organization for Trade Cooperation, an international agency that will put our overseas commerce under the jurisdiction of competitor foreign countries. The OTC is to enforce decrees of GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) in which the United States now participates by action of the State Department without the assent of Congress.

Meantime, in Europe the four Scandinavian countries are combining into a "common market" to embrace free trade among themselves and to exclude foreign competition by use of tariffs or embargoes.

The Scandinavian action follows a similar program elsewhere.

Seventeen nations of Western

Europe comprise what is called OEEC (Organization for European Economic Cooperation).

Last year, six of these nations—Belgium, France, Italy, Luxemburg, The Netherlands and West Germany—agreed to set up a “common market” in which they will trade without tariffs against each other, but will impose a “common tariff” against imports from other countries, including the United States.

Obviously, therefore, Europe is adopting the very policy which the United States has been renouncing.

THE European projects are sound economically—for Europe.

That is proved by America’s historic example. Under the Federal Constitution, this country is itself a free-trade area. One State may

not lay tariffs or embargoes against the products of another State; and this, together with a great and growing population, has been the basis of our immense domestic industry and commerce. But our free-trade area has been bounded by the oceans. Our protective tariffs, from 1789 until 1933, prevented ruinous alien competition and fostered our American standards of wages and of living.

Western Europe is adopting the American system while America seeks to pursue a world-wide free-trade fantasy which, as current events prove, is unattainable.

West Europe, with its 225 million population, should have its own “common market.”

But 190 million Americans need a “common market” too.—From the New York *Journal-American*.

School Daze

The Red Bank New Jersey School Board decided it would be good for teachers to instruct children in The Lord’s Prayer after some of the moppets were heard to recite: “Harold be Thy name . . . give us this day our jelly bread and lead us not into Penn Station.”

A student at Furman University, Greenville, South Carolina, was unable to identify the author of the Revolutionary War pamphlet, “Common Sense” (Thomas Paine). The student’s name? *Thomas Payne*.

In New York, a teacher asked a geography class how America’s topography had shaped its history. “Well,” replied one young genius, “if it hadn’t been for the Delaware River, Washington couldn’t have crossed it.”

Reporting on Shakespeare’s play, “Julius Caesar,” a Los Angeles student declared, “The noble Brutus agreed with the crafty Cassius one hundredth percent.” And Ibsen’s play, “A Doll’s House,” was said to teach “a lesson to people who are married and even to those who are singular.”

—Jerry Klein

IN DEFENSE OF JURIES

12

by Robert Gardner

SEVERAL years ago I tried a case in which a man lost both eyes because of the alleged negligence of someone else. He was in the prime of life, had an excellent earning capacity and was the sole support of a wife and two daughters. He sued for \$400,000.00. The jury brought in the shockingly inadequate verdict of \$14,500.00. This verdict excited no particular comment in the public press. Had the jury brought in a verdict in the neighborhood of \$400,000.00 (hardly overpayment for total blindness resulting from the fault of another), it would have hit the headlines. The difference—the big verdict makes news, the small verdict does not.

At about the same time I tried a particularly revolting murder case involving the death of a young child. Apparently everybody in the world except one person thought that the defendant should be executed. That one person just happened to be on the jury. Result: a hung jury and hysterical headlines. In the meantime I have tried several cases in which the juries

That ominous looking jury may be your best friend

have brought in death penalties which resulted in conservative newspaper coverage.

These two cases point up the difficulty the average man has in evaluating the true worth of the jury system. The casual impression the average person receives from reading newspaper headlines and magazine articles is that the jury spends its time awarding monumental judgments to non-deserving personal injury litigants and acquitting guilty criminals. It will probably come as a shock to learn the true facts—that the majority of jury verdicts in personal injury cases are defense verdicts and the majority of verdicts in criminal cases are convictions. Everyone gives lip service to the historical desirability of the jury system, but there is a great deal of misinformation, ill-balanced publicity and ill-considered, thoughtless and harmful conversation among the gen-

eral public in regard to the actual working results of the jury trial.

Almost every group or entity has its pressure or public relations group. There are labor unions, management councils, bar associations, medical associations—even the judges have judges' conferences. Everyone has his pressure group except the juror. No organization exists which presents to the public the true picture of the jury.

Just who is this individual called "*juror*"? He is an average person plucked from his normal pursuits and placed for a limited time at the disposal of the court, then excused, probably never again to be a juror or to meet again with his fellow jurors. He has no union, no conference, no association, no lobby, no continuing entity. He gives of his time and service and then departs, to be swallowed in the stream of society.

JURORS generally are selected in such a way that they represent a typical cross-section of society. In this jurisdiction, they are selected at random from the voters' register. On the typical jury are working men, business executives, housewives, clerks, retired people—in other words, as typical a cross-section of the community as can be obtained. On the jury serving in my court as this is being written are a banker, a retired business executive, a self-employed businessman, an electrical engineer, a crew

foreman of a public utilities company, a city gardener, a research technician from an oil company and five housewives whose husbands are a carpenter, Christian Science practitioner, an engineer, a traffic manager of a large corporation, and a retired engineer. About the only people missing on the average jury are the very young, the very old, the ill, the decrepit, and convicted felons. Some other categories, such as doctors, lawyers, soldiers, ministers, can be excused at their own request.

The absence of two groups keeps the jury from being a typical cross-section: the wage earner with a modest employer who cannot afford to pay him a salary while he is serving as a juror; and the small businessman whose presence is essential to his business. These are generally excused from jury duty because their jury duty would create an actual hardship as distinguished from an inconvenience. Most large corporations, however, now provide for the payment of continuing salaries to their employees while on jury duty and most union contracts so provide. So, on the average jury there are probably some pretty intelligent people and some not so intelligent, just as are to be found in any other group.

Now, just what does the jury do? It decides questions of *fact*; in other words, what happened at the time of a particular incident. We call it "the ascertainment of the

truth." Once they have determined what the true facts are, then they apply the law as the judge has instructed them. Theoretically, they come up with the right decision. Usually it is. At least, society has not as yet developed anything better, even in the realm of the marvels of modern science. No one has developed a foolproof way of deciding when a person is telling the truth and the jury system is the finest instrumentality developed in the history of man for this delicate task. Why? Because the jury system makes the maximum use of the greatest teacher known to man—experience.

The average jury probably represents about 600 years of experience, living, wisdom, bias, prejudice, personal idiosyncrasy, and strength and weakness of character. Put all of this together and it will pretty well balance out.

I don't want to sell my fellow judges short, but I think that we should recognize that we are human beings with personality quirks and idiosyncrasies. I think that most of us try sincerely to control them, but it would not be intellectually honest to deny their existence. A single judge represents 40 to 70 years of experience, good and bad, as against the 600 years of experience in a jury.

Now, let's get to those "big judgments" you read about. I recently tried 13 personal injury

cases in a row in which there were defense verdicts. Then came the 14th with a large—but not unconscionably large—plaintiff's verdict. It hit the headlines. I don't remember seeing very much said about the 13 defense verdicts. They just aren't news.

Now, what about juries in criminal cases? Once more, it will probably come as some shock to find that the majority of criminal prosecutions result in convictions. In this state the average district attorney has a record of about 85 percent to 90 percent of convictions and pleas of guilty! The current percentage in this country is 91.9 percent.

The large number of convictions in criminal cases is really rather surprising when one considers the protections which are afforded to the person accused of crime in this country. On one hand the prosecutor has at his disposal all of the forces of law enforcement and scientific criminal investigation. On the other, the defendant has the doctrine of the presumption of innocence and the protections afforded him by the Constitution. Evidence cannot be used against him which is obtained by unreasonable search and seizure; his confession cannot be used unless it is free and voluntary; and he cannot be forced to testify against himself. When one balances the power of the prosecution against the protections offered to the defendant, the two are just about

equal. The rest is up to the jury. The results are obvious.

One last thought on the jury system: this is in defense of women jurors. Women jurors, in my opinion, are excellent jurors. It is possible that women are more emotional than men, but women are able to come to a cold, calculated decision despite this alleged reaction to the emotions with which women are supposed to be affected. I have seen women cry in the jury box, but I have seen those same women come in with a verdict absolutely contrary to the sympathy expressed by the tears.

MEN JURORS are softies for women and little children witnesses. Women jurors are just the reverse. I would not go so far as to say that women display an amazing inhumanity to fellow women. But I would say that women look at their fellow women and their children with rather a cold, discerning, and experienced eye.

The best thing to do is to stay out of court entirely, but if you do get into court you could do a great deal worse than to put your problem in the hands of 12 men and women.

Slight Misunderstandings

An alarmed motorist stopped hurriedly when he saw a young man standing beside an overturned small sports car.

"Anybody hurt in the accident?" he inquired.

"There was no accident," replied the young man calmly. "I'm changing a tire."

A man called the Topeka, Kansas, police station and reported, "Someone stole my steering wheel and all the foot pedals from my car." A few minutes later he phoned police again and said, "Everything is all right. I was looking in the back seat."

Los Angeles police, responding to a call from a woman who reported seeing a "man in the bushes with a rifle," uncovered an entire Marine battalion on maneuvers near the woman's home.

After he'd finished building all of his home except the roof, Samuel Snider of Encore Township, Michigan, discovered that he'd been putting up the structure on somebody else's lot.

After digging up an East Hartford, Connecticut, street, a construction crew found that there was already a water main there. It turned out they were on the right street all right but in the wrong town.

Do You Know?

- On October 26, 1957, the anniversary of the military invasion of Egypt, the French government announced it had previously secretly sent 40,000 tons of war supplies to Israel for that purpose. A week later the decadent French government gave an award to Julius Robert Oppenheimer, one of the atomic scientists whose loyalty was seriously questioned. Meanwhile many of the French people remain in ignorance of the Zionists' planning and helping the revolutionists of Algeria, Morocco, etc.

- The word "joy" is found some 60 times in the New Testament. Joy was the commodity which the disciples and the early Christians most wanted to share. Today the disciples of Marxism, Communism, Zionism, and Socialism share only "tears and hate."

- The seven or eight million people illegally in our country are a menace and can be blackmailed into un-American acts by the Communists. All people should be fingerprinted—then these eight million *illegal invaders* could be found when wanted.

- The Bible summarizes great truths. Today, however, the National Council of Churches feel that they, themselves, collectively or individually, can set the standard of what is right or wrong.

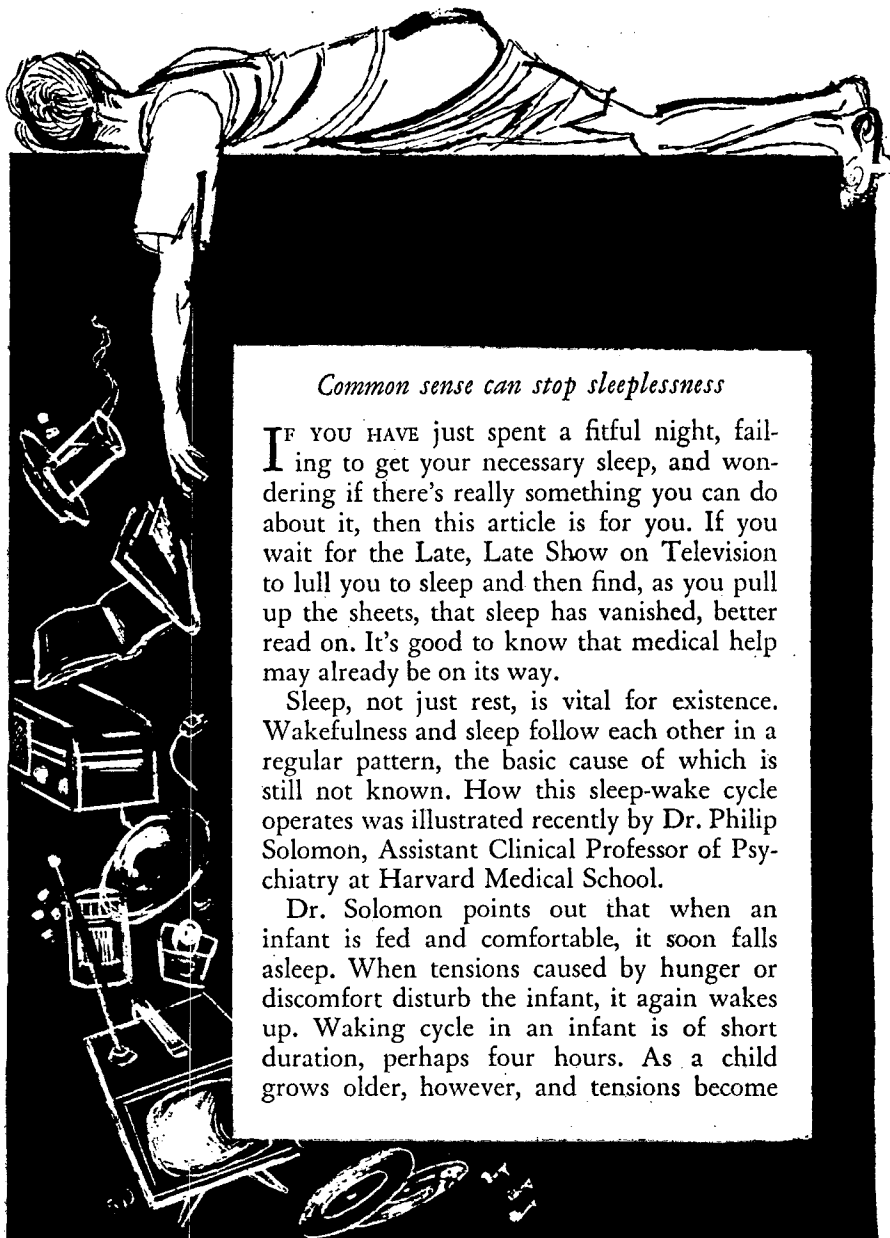
- The Rockefellers give away their money to foundations, but then make sure that they and their satellites keep a firm hold on the throttle of the locomotive they are guiding.

- John Foster Dulles, the International lawyer, who was trustee of the Carnegie Peace Foundation when it picked Alger Hiss as its head, recently said that *Tito deserves universal respect*.

- Senator Jenner, in 1949, exposed General George C. Marshall as being

the "grave-digger" of our Far Eastern Policy. More sad facts are yet to be printed about Marshall.

- That the world's createst crisis is: The Cross of Christ versus godless Communism.
- In Hollywood our movies have been used to glorify Communism, to belittle our country and brainwash our people. TV is even worse—it poisons the minds of our youth in our homes!
- The country's farm population has dropped again almost five million. Since 1940, one third of the farmers left the farms.
- Private contributions to the United Jewish Appeal and the sale of Israeli bonds have swelled the total flow of private and governmental dollars to Zionists in Palestine to well over ten billion dollars. According to an editorial in the Jerusalem Post of February 7, 1956, over 70 percent of Israeli imports (almost a quarter of the national consumption) are paid for by exactions from Germany and by other unrequited income with no requirement for repayment.
- The biggest construction job ever attempted by man is now under way. Our new \$40 billion highway program is equal to 60 Panama Canals, 15 TVA projects, or about 3,000 Great Pyramids—scheduled for completion in 13 years.
- The American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Knights of Columbus have taken steps urging the United States to break off diplomatic relations with Russia and her satellites "until Russia is really ruled by the people."
- Fifteen months ago our Army could have launched the first satellite. Since March 1957, we have had a total of six satellites ready in a Huntsville, Alabama, warehouse ready for use. The "enemy within our country" stole our data for the Red Russians and also through delay "in Committee" prevented our launching. This form of treason and subversion continues.
- The span of life of the *slow breathing* elephant ranges from 200 to 300 years. The mouse breathes fifteen times faster than the elephant and lives but a twenty-four month span. It is interesting to note throughout the animal kingdom there is a definite relationship between slowness of breathing and the length of life.



Common sense can stop sleeplessness

IF YOU HAVE just spent a fitful night, failing to get your necessary sleep, and wondering if there's really something you can do about it, then this article is for you. If you wait for the Late, Late Show on Television to lull you to sleep and then find, as you pull up the sheets, that sleep has vanished, better read on. It's good to know that medical help may already be on its way.

Sleep, not just rest, is vital for existence. Wakefulness and sleep follow each other in a regular pattern, the basic cause of which is still not known. How this sleep-wake cycle operates was illustrated recently by Dr. Philip Solomon, Assistant Clinical Professor of Psychiatry at Harvard Medical School.

Dr. Solomon points out that when an infant is fed and comfortable, it soon falls asleep. When tensions caused by hunger or discomfort disturb the infant, it again wakes up. Waking cycle in an infant is of short duration, perhaps four hours. As a child grows older, however, and tensions become

more complicated, simple food and comfort are not enough for satisfaction. There are additional urges to be satisfied before the child can relax again. In the older child, the wake-sleep cycle may now reach twelve hours of wakefulness and twelve hours of sleep.

In adult life, the wakeful cycle increases to about sixteen hours with only eight hours necessary for sleep. "It is as though," says Dr. Solomon, "one can endure life's tensions only with intermissions—at best, when adult, two-thirds of the time—then, one must return for recuperation to a kind of intrauterine state, warm, dark and free of stimulation."

Dr. Solomon goes on to point out that an analogy may exist between a storage battery and the human nervous system in that both need recharging at periodic intervals. "If sleep is interfered with for an extended period," he says, "psychosis and death may occur."

ALTHOUGH the exact cause of sleep is not known, the factors generally responsible for helping a person go to sleep are pretty well understood. For most persons, the mood of sleep can be most easily induced by quiet, darkness and bodily rest. A sagging or lumpy mattress may torture the body rather than comfort it. A chill draft around a balding head may be equally as bad. Since husbands and wives may differ as to what con-

stitutes a comfortable sleeping temperature, an electric blanket with dual controls may prove helpful. For some persons, a tepid tub bath taken just before bedtime helps induce sleep; whereas for others the same tub bath may be too stimulating. Your own personal experience is often a good guide as to just which approach is best for you.

Taking a cup of warm milk before retiring may help soothe a restless gnawing in the pit of the stomach that keeps you tossing and turning. If you need it, warm milk is often soothing, but watch out for the calories that remain clinging to your waistline. Coffee should be avoided because its caffeine content may be enough of a stimulant to induce wakefulness. Furthermore, for some persons, caffeine stimulates too much hydrochloric acid in the stomach, and this may cause heartburn or indigestion to rob you of your rest. If your stomach acid is too high, choose a beverage such as cocoa, Sanka, Postum, or Decaf.

Reading in bed or listening to soothing music are other ways in which to acquire the proper mood. One manufacturer of phonograph records not long ago produced a small album specially designed to induce sleep. These records depend on a technique of "progressive relaxation" and should be helpful even in the more difficult cases. The milder insomnia victim may

obtain the same effect from other low-tempo albums and, for that matter, some radio stations specialize in broadcasting "soothing" music in the late hours of night. A small portable or personal TV set at the bedside may also have a hypnotic effect.

The choice of reading for the would-be sleeper may vary widely with individual taste. One of my patients, an elderly woman, used to put herself to sleep regularly every night by reading detective stories. Another man I know takes the stock market reports to bed with him. Many patients find that reading a few verses from the Bible proves not only to be inspiring but also relaxing. Of course, whatever the method, it is important to put lights out just as soon as the proper stage is reached. The mood of sleep may be fickle and if it is not seized promptly, it may pass only to have wakefulness return.

TO GET your sleep, *you must plan your days for restful nights.* Live each day in such a fashion that you will not allow tensions to accumulate. As a matter of fact, according to Dr. Hans Selye, Director of the University of Montreal's Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery, this is the best method of getting the helpful sleep that you need. In an interview recently, Dr. Selye admitted that his own personal "lullaby" was based

on the following five principles:

1. "There is no point in telling yourself to 'forget everything and relax, sleep will come by itself.' It will not."
2. "Prepare for sleep during the day."
3. "Do not let yourself get keyed up any more than is necessary for your best performance. Learn how to run down."
4. "Try not to overwork any one part of your body or mind disproportionately by repeating the same actions to the point of exhaustion."
5. "Don't burden your memory with irrelevant details. Make a conscious effort to forget immediately all that is unimportant."

According to Dr. Selye, the hormones that are produced during the stress of work are intended to promote alertness during short periods. These are the hormones that prepare us for action and enable us to meet and overcome each day's stress or tension. These hormones, however, should not be used excessively all day long because they tend to get exhausted and, if they should, the hormone lack may cause some illness or disease. The caged lion is suffering more stress than one who roams the African veldt. Plan your day for moderate activity. If you must be a lion, choose a field in which you can roam comfortably.

For some persons, the best approach to each day's problem lies in self-education and self-disci-

pline. One has to learn to do each chore as it comes along. Some people only need to learn how to live with their day's problems or adjust to them to obtain a helpful night's sleep. Being a bit of a philosopher sometimes helps. You might repeat several times to yourself, "I can only do what I can do and nothing more." No man can be in two places at one time, so each one of us has to do his day's work as best he can and then let the chips stay where they fall.

FOR OTHERS, a philosophical approach to each day's work is hard to achieve. Consequently, these people need something in the way of sedatives to induce a more easily achieved state of relaxation. In this way, the day's tensions will not mount and sleep will come more easily as lights are dimmed and the head placed against the comforting pillow. Small doses of sedatives taken during the day thus set the scene for greater peace and tranquility at night.

This method of gentle sedation during the day overcomes one of the major faults of more heavy sedation at bedtime. That is, the *awakening hangover*. A strong sedative taken at night often tends to carry its effect into the morning hours and the person who may have slept well may awaken "drugged." This sensation is almost as unpleasant as having no

sleep at all and, of course, should be avoided. For most insomniacs, a gentle sedative through the day plus mild sedation at night offers the best chance for a good night's sleep, if *your* doctor recommends the right sedation for you.

According to official data, about 400 tons of barbiturates are manufactured each year, which is enough to put approximately 9 million people to sleep each night for that period, if each were given the average sleeping dose. Over 2500 different kinds of "barbitals" have been manufactured, but out of this large number only approximately 60 have been used in medicine and, of these, only five or six are favored by doctors. Used wisely and after consultation with your family doctor the barbiturates are valuable agents in medicinal therapy.

Scientists have been searching for other chemicals unrelated to the barbiturates that will induce sleep, but be free of addicting qualities. Still, it is hard to know for certain whether a *new* drug will be addicting, since it may take years and the medicine may have to be taken by thousands of patients before addicting liabilities can be properly recognized.

In the past few years, four new sedative-type sleeping pills have been developed that are just really starting to have wide sales. They are all non-barbiturates and all are effective to a greater or lesser ex-

tent. These substances are known chemically as ethchlorvynol, ethinamate, glutenimide, and methypylon. All of these are potentially good and useful, but only time will tell just how valuable they will prove to be. As one authority points out, "Certainly, the initial enthusiastic reception is not the true index of their usefulness." It takes time and experience to learn just how good a medicine is; advertising alone can't make it good.

So, if you haven't been sleeping

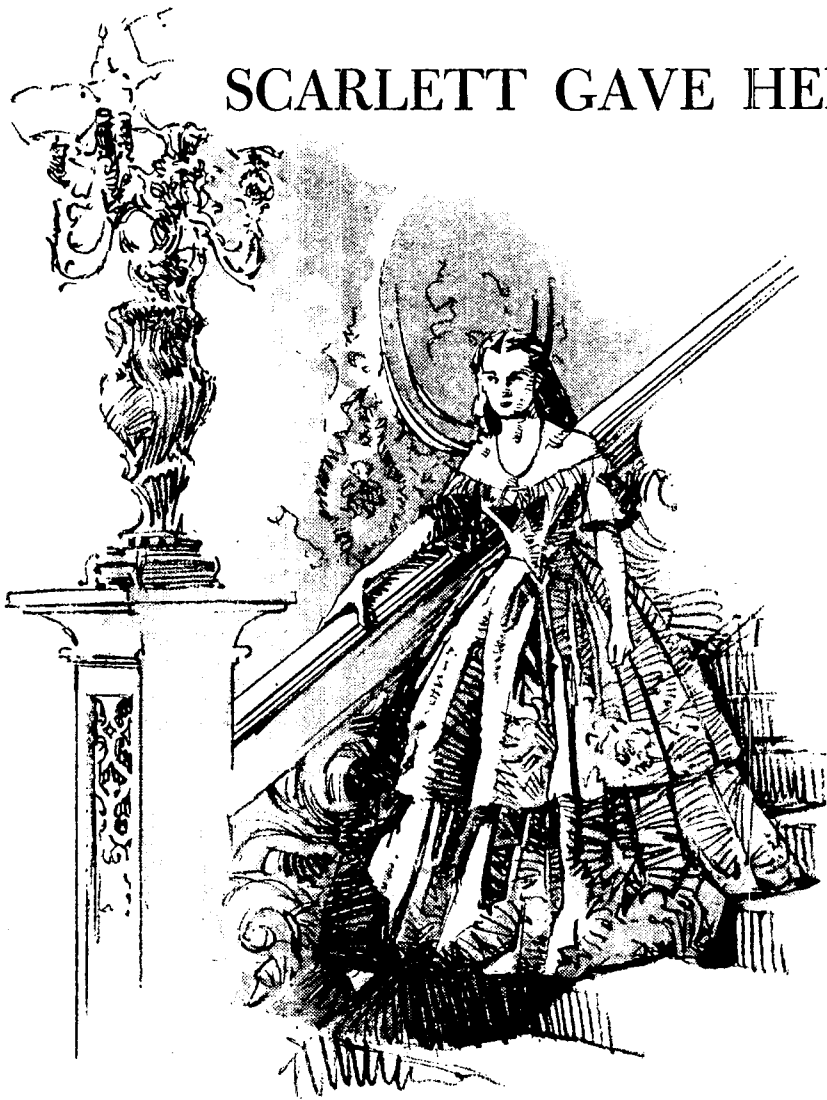
well lately, stop fretting. Make sure your bed is comfortable and your day planned out so that your peak of excitement does not coincide with the time that you want to get your precious sleep. If these simple procedures do not work out satisfactorily, it's good to know that your physician today has a great variety of medicines from which he can choose to give you the one that is best suited for your needs and will insure you the peaceful sleep you require.

Extract From Memoir of John Marshall

"To this court, then, is committed the harmony of the Union; the rights of states and citizens; the perpetuity of our government. The errors of the executive seldom reach beyond some single, immediate object: they are transient, and may be remedied without any ruinous shock to the great interests of the community. The legislature may promptly recall an inadvertent or impolitic act; but the decrees of the judiciary are written on brass; they are the enduring laws of the land, as binding as the Constitution itself. Rights become incorporated with, and founded on, them, which may not be shaken without disturbing and weakening every right. For this high trust, John Marshall, above all men, was constituted by every quality and acquirement necessary for its pure and perfect administration. Pardon me if, on this theme, I have enlarged too much. It is my solemn conviction, that it is a theme which should engage the deep and constant attention of every American. There is no safety for any right you enjoy, without an upright, learned, and independent judiciary; there is safety for every thing, and under all circumstances, while the judiciary is preserved, competent in knowledge, fearless in integrity, faithful to the Constitution, steadfast in principles, and firm in public confidence. Having no connexion with, or dependence on, the changes of parties and men, it is raised above the rough storms and fitful currents which agitate and befoul the lower atmosphere of politics and politicians. If it shall ever happen that changes on the bench are to change and unsettle fundamental principles of constitutional law; if new judges are to bring with them new doctrines, then the decrees of the court will be as vacillating as the votes of a popular assembly, and confidence and security will attend them no longer. The Constitution will become a moving body of sand—a quicksand where no firm footing can be found—instead of a rock on which we may build and rest, without fear, for ages."

For sending us this historical gem, our thanks to Mrs. R. FISHER, Houston, Texas

SCARLETT GAVE HER



Margaret Mitchell wrote the literary success of the 1930's

A POT OF GOLD

by *Arthur S. Harris, Jr.*

IMAGINE an inconspicuous Atlanta housewife of 36, a woman hardly five feet tall and weighing just under a hundred pounds. Now imagine this woman writing a tremendously long novel which would sell over a million copies and bring her more than \$500,000 the first year.

Wouldn't such a woman, finding herself suddenly popular, revel in her new glory? Wouldn't she travel around the country autographing her novel and lecturing? At the very least, wouldn't she be expected to live differently—with a more expensive apartment, and a host of maids? And certainly new furs for those literary excursions to her New York publishers?

Not Margaret Mitchell. When her novel, *Gone With The Wind*, was published with great fanfare in the mid-thirties, she found herself suddenly catapulted into overnight fame, but she remained modest and unchanged.

During the normally slow summer months of 1936, bookstores

were deluged with requests for her lengthy novel of the Civil War. Soon it was selling at the rate of fifty thousand copies a day. Total strangers telephoned her Atlanta apartment by long distance to inquire whether Scarlett O'Hara ever regained Rhett Butler's affections. Mail flooded in from all over the country, but Miss Mitchell wanted nothing more than to be left alone.

Alternately bewildered and embarrassed by the unexpected success of her book—she had hoped it might sell 5,000 copies, just enough to prevent her publishers from losing money—Margaret Mitchell continued to live in the same small apartment she and her husband had shared for many years. She had no desire to address women's clubs in Spokane and Boston, and turned down hundreds of invitations.

Legends started to appear. It was rumored she was ill. Others said she had gone blind from the strain of writing and would never appear in public. The most persistent rumor had it that she'd written the book while in a plaster cast and would always be an invalid.

These false stories puzzled Miss Mitchell. She was neither ill nor blind. True, she'd worked on parts of her novel when an arthritic condition had her temporarily on crutches, but she'd been off them for several years.

Those who visited her in those exciting days following publication of the novel in the summer of 1936 were astonished to discover that she was not rushing out to furriers and dressmakers. Despite her overnight wealth and fame, she appeared unchanged.

"This in itself is the most unusual effect, or lack of effect, I have ever encountered," said Faith Baldwin after visiting Atlanta. "I could grasp that she would remain modest, unaffected in manner, and gracious, yet I felt that there must be some change, some ripple on the pond, some outward and visible sign that something unprecedented had happened to her. But there is no such sign, for neither outwardly nor inwardly has Margaret Mitchell suffered or experienced alteration."

Yet sometimes Margaret Mitchell wondered whether she had done the right thing the previous spring in turning over her manuscript to a publisher who was visiting Atlanta.

Until that spring, Miss Mitchell knew no publishers and sought out none, for she had no idea whatever of getting her book published. She had written it, just as she had written several vignettes, to amuse herself, to pass the time of day until her husband, John Marsh, returned from his office at the Georgia Power Company in downtown Atlanta.

Margaret had spent most of her

life in Atlanta. Her brother, Stephens, was an attorney and an editor of the *Atlanta Historical Society Bulletin*. Like Stephens, Margaret was interested in Southern ancestry and the settling and development of Atlanta. From her family she had learned about the Civil War. She once said she was ten years old before she discovered that Lee hadn't won the war!

FOR A YEAR Margaret went north to Smith College in Massachusetts, but returned to Atlanta when her mother died unexpectedly. Blue-eyed Margaret, with her creamy white skin and tiny oval face, was an energetic girl, fond of horses and dancing. She made her debut in 1920.

The less said about her first, brief marriage the better. Young Berrien ("Red") Upshaw caught her youthful fancy, and they were married when she was twenty-two. The marriage didn't work out, they separated quickly and, partly to forget her disappointments, Margaret took a \$25-a-week job as a feature writer for the Sunday magazine section of the *Atlanta Journal*.

She had no newspaper experience, but she did have a flair for writing. She visited zoos, conventions, and local celebrities. She talked with the workmen making the carvings on Stone Mountain, near Atlanta. She interviewed Rudolph Valentino. She liked best

of all doing historical pieces or interviewing old inhabitants for their memories of Civil War days.

When her final divorce decree came through in 1924, she dropped the name, Peggy Upshaw, and signed her articles, Peggy Mitchell. Her full name was Margaret Munnerlyn Mitchell. But it became even more alliterative a year later when she married John Marsh, a former newspaperman who worked for the Georgia Power Company. Now, she used to tell facetiously, she had become Margaret Munnerlyn Mitchell Marsh!

IT was about this time (the winter of 1925-26) that Margaret began what later became *Gone With The Wind*. She wrote for her own pleasure, without thought of publication. It was a different, more relaxed sort of writing from the routine, sometimes superficial work she did for the *Journal*.

Her subject was the Civil War. Details of that conflict had always obsessed her. How had people felt during the siege of Atlanta? Where were the casualty lists posted? How critical were medical supplies in the South?

"I was pretty tired of the 'realistic fiction' of the Jazz Age," she said later, "so I thought I'd write about the young days of the fine kind of people I knew who had survived war and Reconstruction."

At first she did not imagine herself writing a novel. She wrote

sketches and stories and often gave them both up to do more reading in history. She was a familiar figure at Atlanta's Carnegie Library.

When a leg injury forced her to give up her full-time newspaper job, she continued to write columns from her modest home, and it was here that her novel began to take shape.

Although only in her mid-twenties, she sometimes wrote from early morning until late at night. Now and then she put her writing aside for months to help her husband entertain business associates of the Georgia Power Company.

The large manila envelopes containing the manuscript piled up on her sunporch. As she felt better, she began to move around Atlanta checking historical facts. She went to Jonesboro to examine old courthouse records, looked over tax books, deed books, muster rolls, hospital records and ran down names in half a dozen counties.

Often she was bored with her writing and forgot it for months. Now and then she read parts of it to her husband. Still she had no thought of publishing her book.

Gone with the Wind came to its publisher in a most roundabout way. When Miss Lois Cole, a Smith graduate, came to Atlanta to work at the Macmillan office, she and Margaret became friends. Through their friendship she heard of the manuscript and alerted Macmillan executives in New York.

One spring day in 1935 a vice president of Macmillan, Harold Latham, came to Atlanta. He had lunch with Margaret Mitchell and the wife of the Sunday *Journal* magazine editor.

"She proved to be a diminutive person with a lively sense of humor and a proficiency in the art of conversation," wrote Latham about that meeting. They discussed Southern literature, although Margaret waved aside any mention of her own manuscript. But she changed her mind, after a telephone conversation with her husband who persuaded her that it would do no harm to have a professional opinion of the book.

A few hours before Latham was scheduled to catch a train out of Atlanta, his hotel telephone rang. It was Margaret Mitchell in the lobby.

"I went down," said Latham later, "and I shall never forget the picture I have of Margaret Mitchell as I then saw her—a tiny woman sitting on a divan and beside her the biggest manuscript I have ever seen, towering in two stacks almost up to her shoulders."

"If you really want it," Margaret said, "you may take it, but it's incomplete, unrevised, there are several versions of some of the chapters, there is no first chapter."

Latham had no room for the manuscript, but he went to a luggage store, bought a suitcase large enough to hold the bulky manila

envelopes, and left Atlanta with the huge manuscript.

AS HIS TRAIN crossed the continent toward San Francisco, he read with increasing admiration. His associates at Macmillan agreed that they had discovered a fine novelist and wired their acceptance to Miss Mitchell, who began re-writing the manuscript and preparing it for publication. She abandoned her original title, *Tomorrow Is Another Day*, and settled on *Gone With The Wind* after reading Ernest Dowson's poem to Cynara.

Gone With The Wind quickly demonstrated that it was going to be one of the biggest bestsellers of all time. It soon surpassed *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

In Atlanta, Davison-Paxon Company placed the largest order that had ever been placed in the South on any one book, but that initial order disappeared in no time. For a week or two Miss Mitchell autographed copies at the store, but soon it was physically impossible to keep it up.

The book began to be translated into many languages. "I must say I was a bit startled when I saw my photograph in the Chinese edition," Miss Mitchell wrote. "In order to make me attractive to their readers, they had painted out all age and character from my face, leaving it a smooth blank. They had slanted my eyes just a little

and given me a dainty little rosebud mouth."

The introduction to the Chinese edition was equally interesting. Miss Mitchell found a former missionary in Atlanta who managed to translate some of it for her. After explaining the Civil War, the introduction ended with this biographic note: "Miss Mitchell is pure, benevolent, filial, and obedient to her husband."

A popular book does not always please the critics. While *G.W.T.W.* (as it became known in publishing circles) got some enthusiastic notices, it aroused others to ire. "The characters in this novel, with the exception of Scarlett," wrote Henry Seidel Canby, "are not impressive and the story often loses itself in details." Bernard DeVoto declared: "The fact the novel sells as widely as popular-brand cigarettes does not make it a good novel. She uses all the time-worn situations and conventions of melodrama," he said, "and averages about five 'East Lynn' curtains per hundred pages."

When the novel won the Pulitzer Prize in 1937 many critics were stunned. Things have come to a pretty pass, said critic Ralph Thompson, when a novel full of bad grammar, historical mistakes, and ham actors can win the national trophy. The Pulitzer Prize judges, it was said, had yielded to popular demand.

But Miss Mitchell's admirers

came to her defense. Said one of them in a blistering letter to the *Saturday Review*:

"Is it because Miss Mitchell still has the debutante's blush on her writing instead of the cosmetic sheen of a tired hack? If she splits infinitives, so does Hemingway. Her historical slips are no worse than Shakespeare's. She is twice as 'important' as the clever back-biters who review because they cannot write."

IF THIS controversy bothered Miss Mitchell, she did not show it. But she was concerned with distortions of her private life which continued to circulate, and she did not let these go unanswered.

When Jimmy Fidler broadcast coast to coast in 1944 that M-G-M had sent her a blank check for movie rights to her new novel reportedly finished (*Gone With The Wind* had already been made into a fabulously successful film) Miss Mitchell replied in an open letter:

"Your story is false in every detail. I have received no fantastic offer from M-G-M or anyone else. I have no new book almost finished. In fact, I have not even started a new book.

"Since *Gone With The Wind* was published in 1936, I have not written a single line on a new book. My father, who died in June, was ill for several years. My duties to him and what little I

could do in war activities have occupied all of my time.

"I don't suppose it matters to you that you caused me embarrassment and trouble. But you did, and, as a matter of simple decency, you should correct your false statements."

During those war years Miss Mitchell devoted much of her time to the Civilian Defense Corps in Atlanta, and the American Red Cross. The South had lost the Civil War, she often explained, because it had been unprepared and poorly equipped. She wanted nothing of that sort to happen to the United States.

Although the Marshes moved to a new apartment opposite the Piedmont Driving Club, they lived very much as they had before the novel had been published. In a separate office, two full-time secretaries kept up with Miss Mitchell's correspondence and royalties. She tried to answer most of the letters personally. Even years after *G.W.T.W.* first appeared, long-distance calls came to the Atlanta apartment from total strangers wanting to know the color of Scarlett's hair or whether Scarlett had ever regained Rhett Butler.

MUCH has been said of the "tax fight" made by Margaret Mitchell. According to her brother, Stephens Mitchell, of Atlanta, the fight was not made by her but by editorial writers and the public,

who took up the cudgels in her defense. At that time an author was not permitted to spread the income from his work over the period of time consumed by the work but was taxed on the income received within the year. *Gone With the Wind* sold a million copies in its first six months, and later the sales continued very large. Its author received large sums of money in advance payments and royalties actually due and paid. She was taxed on those sums, and paid those taxes. There was no allowance for the years of writing and the years of preparation. There was no allowance for capital gains nor any other allowance permissible to people in other kinds of business. But Margaret made no fight. That was the law and she abided by it. The fact is that on one or two or more occasions, she received a substantial refund of taxes.

However, her situation caught the attention of a lot of people . . . in newspapers and magazines all over the country there were editorials and articles on the subject. With these people it was a matter of conscience, because they saw the injustice which had been done to so many authors, whose success and money frequently came in one year. Eventually the tax laws were moderated and this change in statute has sometimes been called "The Margaret Mitchell Law."

Eight years ago Miss Mitchell and her husband were walking

toward the Peachtree Art Theatre in Atlanta when an off-duty taxi driver struck Margaret with his speeding car. Five days later, without gaining consciousness, she died in Henry Grady Hospital. Atlanta was stunned. Flags at the State Capitol hung at half-staff.

After her death, Mr. Marsh and her secretary, Margaret Baugh, destroyed in an incinerator nearly all of Margaret Mitchell's manuscripts. She wanted no posthumous publication of odds and ends, including a jazz-age novel she had once started.

They saved only an envelope containing drafts of chapters and chronologies used in writing *Gone With The Wind*. As her husband (who died just three years after

Margaret) said in a codicil to his will:

"I have decided that some of the *Gone With The Wind* papers should be saved, as a means of authenticating her authorship of her novel. If some schemer were to rise up with the claim the novel was written by another person, it would be tragic if we had no documentary evidence and therefore were unable to beat down the false claim."

Although one or two impostors have ridiculously claimed to have written parts of the novel, no one doubts that the demure young Atlanta newspaper woman pecked it out on her portable typewriter, witnessed its spectacular success and remained unchanged.

Mercury Bound Volumes

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THE BOOK SHELF

A BRIEF FOR SOCIALISM

By Pedro de Mesones

COMMUNISM IN LATIN AMERICA. By Robert J. Alexander. Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, N. J., 1957. 450 pages. \$9.00.

IT is a commentary on our current misinformation on subversive trends in Latin America that it is the Socialists who are writing the so-called anti-Communist books and magazine articles.

Professor Alexander, who is a leading light in Miss Frances R. Grant's embittered little Socialist junta in New York—the Inter-American Association for Democracy and Freedom—has written a book of considerable reference value as a handbook of historic facts on the Communist party in Latin America. He has dredged up much interesting information, but he has destroyed the value of his work by stringing all of his facts around a thesis. That thesis is: only Socialists can effectively fight Communism in the Caribbean and South American nations. The corollary is that our State Department should give its support and financial aid only to governments which are Socialistic.

Not that Professor Alexander puts

it as frankly as this. With characteristic Marxist double-talk, he describes Socialists throughout as "Liberals" and "Anti-Communists." He deceptively presents such life-long Latin American Socialists and anti-Capitalists as Haya de la Torre, Romulo Betancourt, Jose Figueres, Luis Munoz Marin, Carlos Ibanez as the Latin American leaders who are closest to the American political ideal. The authoritarian governments, which have been most consistently anti-Communist, and which are the staunchest supporters of the United States in the area, are the devils of the Alexander book. The author would have us drop all ties to such governments in favor of the Socialists. Again and again throughout his text, he labors the argument that only Socialists, or "Liberals" as he styles them, can effectively fight Communism in Latin America.

Mr. Alexander is not personally important, but he represents a trend which is bringing a dangerous element of confusion into United States-Latin American relations. More influential men have been espousing this "Socialism for Latin America" theme recently. The brilliant Adolf A. Berle has recently published a book supporting substantially the Alexander position. Curiously, the capitalistic *New York Times* slants its editorials

Pedro de Mesones of Peru is the President of the Pan American League Against Communism.

and some of its news dispatches on Latin America to glorify the Socialists. A whole web of untruth is arising in United States political discussion which accepts a Socialist future for most of the nations in this hemisphere.

Many errors of fact stud the pages of Mr. Alexander's book. One finds such amazing misstatements as his assertion (p. 12) that Communists worked with President Odria in Peru—actually he outlawed them: that President Prado worked with the Communists—Prado was the archetype of Peruvian anti-Communist. Both of these misstatements were cleverly designed to convey the impression that it is the dictators who encourage Communism. On the other hand, he incorrectly states that the Apristi Party (which he favors) did not support the October 3, 1948, revolt against President Bustamante. It did.

On page 300, speaking of Gener-

alissimo Trujillo, he charges that the Trujillo-sponsored trade union, the CDT, were affiliated with Toledano's Communist CTAL from 1944 to 1948. This is a deliberate falsification.

In his section on Venezuela, he states that the Perez-Jiminez government permits the existence of what he calls the "Black Communist Party." This is a myth made out of whole cloth. We could fill pages with similar errors.

Latin Americans who are honestly fighting Communism have long hoped for a book which would give them the factual information which they need to recognize and oppose undercover Communist intrigues in their countries. This book does not give that information. On the contrary, by distorting the truth, it aids the Communists and whitewashes the so-called "Liberals" in Latin America who are attempting to open the door to Moscow.

PSYCHOANALYSIS TOUCHES THE ABSURD

THE HORIZONTAL HOUR. By Robert W. Marks. David McKay Company, New York, 1957. 346 pages. \$4.50.

IT WAS inevitable that Freudism, after its years of near-idolatry by the American intelligentsia, should lead finally to bedlam. The seeds of insanity in psychoanalysis have been all too apparent to non-cultists.

Now Robert W. Marks has written a book which pronounces the final epitaph upon the Freudians. In his quick-paced novel, it is the analyst who goes insane.

Mr. Marks, who is a compelling story teller, gathers about the analyst one of the queerest galleries of characters in fiction. The novel opens with all the protagonists grouped admirably like a Greek chorus about Dr. Kurt Bucholz, a transplanted Viennese. Bucholz, who styles himself a mind engineer, rules his little fee-paying court like a master. Male and female, they dote upon him.

As the story begins, Bucholz has succeeded in warping all their lives. Under his advice a successful lawyer is about to abandon his profession to become a mediocre painter. His wife,

an inhibited conformist, is contemplating a career as a Messalina. A writer who is capable of best-seller success is writing unsaleable *avant-garde* tripe. An M.D., also a fellow refugee, is becoming dissatisfied with his profession, while his wife, an actress *manquée*, is looking around for an opportunity for adultery.

Under the analyst's disturbing influence, both wives scheme to go to bed with the writer. But the Bucholz downfall comes when he himself attempts adultery with the lawyer's wife and, bungling it, makes her his vengeful enemy. He falls into the hands of a schizoid patient who marries him in a whim of sadism and then proceeds to derange him. The curtain descends as the aggrieved lawyer's wife turns him over to the men in the white coats and he vanishes in Bellevue. By a touch of final irony, the ex-Bucholz patients, free of their couch sprawlings, proceed to straighten out their lives. The lawyer throws away his paint brushes and begins to make a name for himself at the law. The actress becomes a career woman. The lawyer's wife, after a bout of promiscuity, divorces the willing lawyer and unites with the writer, now a celebrity. When Bucholz emerges from the straightjacket, his spell over the little circle is gone.

Mr. Marks knows how to sustain suspense, as he shuttles between his characters. There are places where he sometimes sacrifices probability to keep his story moving. His character Leslie, the maniac wife, is quite unbelievable. But his style is vigorous, his pace swift, and his picture of the disintegrating mind of the analyst is unforgettable. This is Mr. Marks'

first novel. We predict it will be followed by many others. —H. L. V.

A HUMAN STORY FROM RED CHINA

THE STORY OF MARY LIU by Edward Hunter. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, New York. 248 pp. \$4.00.

IN *Brainwashing*, published in 1956, Edward Hunter, an American foreign correspondent, gave us the first complete description of the brainwashing technique used on the POW's by the Chinese Communists. In *The Story of Mary Liu*, he presents us with the true and heart-warming account of a limbless mission-educated Chinese girl, who, despite her physical handicaps and political persecution, has managed to keep her faith, her integrity and sanity. This carefully documented book is not only the personal story of Mary Liu, but the triumphant testimony of the unconquerability of the soul.

For the western reader, this is an important book. For the story of Mary is also the story of the Communists' challenge to Christianity—the subordination of religion to the State. The facts taken are vital enough to stand up by themselves. Here is the life-story of Mary, from the time she was a child in Nanking to her escape to Hong Kong in 1951. Mary was a slave girl. At five she lost both her legs, one arm, the fingers of the other as the result of a severe frost-bite. Then came the long period of convalescence in the mission-run hos-

pital; the shock of discovering her own disability; her life in a Methodist school; her need of belonging, and the joy of receiving her first gift at Christmas.

Mary's problem was her physical handicaps. Determined to make the best of what was left of her, little Mary learns to use the portion of her right thumb that is left to wrestle with her chopsticks, to button her own dress, and learns to walk and run with her knees. When she discovers that she was unable to sew like other girls, Mary practices in secret. With a bit of thread and a needle, she pokes and pokes, it doesn't work. But Mary keeps repeating to herself that if she kept at it, surely someday she would succeed. This fanatical determination and her refusal to be licked serves Mary in good stead in later years.

Graduated from Ginling College in 1929, Mary becomes the assistant to Laura White, her one-time high school principal and mentor who is then the editor of *The Women's Messenger*—a Protestant magazine published in Shanghai. Mary reads proofs, writes, edits and translates, and later succeeds Miss White as the editor.

During World War II Mary manages to continue publication under the Japanese occupation. Then one day the representative of the puppet Chinese authorities appears and asks for cooperation with the "new order." Mary sends off her proof for the next issue and closes the office.

At war's end, Mary resumes publication. When the Communists arrive in 1949 things begin to change. First there is the nation-wide witch hunt for counter-revolutionaries, then

the Reds start molesting the churches. Church leaders are told that Christianity will have to carry out Communist policies in order to survive, and Chinese Christians are urged to cut off relations with the Foreign Missions, to denounce the foreign missionaries as "spies" and "agents of cultural aggression." And, as all Christians must rid themselves of the "imperialistic poisonous influences," they are subjected to brainwash.

Mr. Hunter traces the fairly familiar Red tactics of brainwashing—endless sessions of probing and questioning, "learning" groups, "self-criticism" and "accusation" meetings. By intimidation, threat, isolation and pressure, Mary is forced to walk the ideological tight rope and she is made to confess whatever crimes the Reds want her to confess. Her "sin" is collaboration with the Americans and the target of attack is an American friend and a co-worker. Torn between loyalty and guilt, Mary thinks of suicide for it seems preferable to surrendering her mind and soul to the will of others. But since she is pressured to make her accusation for the security of her staff, there is no way out.

But when Mary has finally made her public accusation, she has one consolation. For, despite the fact that she has to invent imaginary grievances, revive fancy grudges and give a new twist to the most innocent and well-intended actions, her accusations are in no way endangering any of her friends. Those accused are either dead or in Hong Kong, beyond the reach of the Communists.

The author has devoted a good part of the book in tracing the control

of religion in China, the insidious methods used by the Reds in brainwashing, the mental and emotional torture Mary Liu had to endure during her brainwash and finally her own formula in counteracting it.

The book is based on a series of interviews with Mary Liu after her flight to Hong Kong and those who knew her intimately. This is the story as she told it. Much of it is grim. But it is a story of human courage, of perseverance, and of personal integrity. Above all, it is the story of a woman who, with indomitable will, faith in God and in herself, has triumphed over insurmountable odds. Because the story of Mary is so closely related to the life of the Chinese people, it is their story also. This is a book no one should miss.—CHEN MEI

THE TICHBORNE IMPOSTOR. By Geddes MacGregor. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and New York. 288 pages, \$3.95.

USUALLY, we picture a successful impostor as a slick, artful individual, who somewhat resembles the original he is impersonating, and has plausible information and credentials, phoney as they may prove later, to back up his role. But in this utterly fantastic case there was nothing of the kind to support the pretender, who was the uneducated son of a Cockney butcher in London's slummy dockland region, and posed as the lost heir to the estates of one of the oldest and richest families in England—the Tichbornes—whose annual income at the time was equivalent to a million dollars in our money.

The ignorant, lying, young upstart from Wapping High Street, having knocked around the world and settled in Australia as a ne'er-do-well (a horse-thief among other things), almost won out, with half of England believing in his validity despite all the glaring contradictions and absurdities. Never was there a more incredible tale of real life told than this, as it unrolled its seven-year length in legal battle—the longest criminal trial in the history of the English law courts—between the years 1867-1874.

The tragi-comedy really began in May, 1865, when Arthur Orton, the butcher's son, then thirty-one and living in Wagga Wagga, Australia, learned of Dowager Lady Tichborne's unrelinquished, irreconcilable search for her adored son, Roger Charles, reportedly drowned in shipwreck, eleven years before. That Roger was still alive had become a fixation. So much so that when the desperately hard-up Arthur wrote her an ungrammatical, misspelled letter, claiming to be her vanished Roger, she paid his passage to England, where he arrived on Christmas Eve, 1866, together with an illiterate wife, their child, and a nurse, secretary and valet, as befitted his lordly rank! Before sailing, he had loftily written in a letter to Lady Tichborne: "I Hardly know, my Dear mother, how you have born the suspense of knowing my fate so long."

But Arthur Orton's "fate," echoing the laughter of the gods, had merely begun. To start with, the bemused Dowager "recognized" him, though her slim, cultured son had grown into a enormous man of nearly 300 pounds, and his speech and aura those

of a commoner born. Yet, determined to resurrect her boy, Lady Tichborne said, "He looks like his father, and his ears are like his uncle's." Preposterously, he had made the grade.

Other hurdles were ahead, however. The fat, genial impostor had to establish his identity legally. After a farcical preliminary examination in 1867, the case wasn't called for four years, while the pretender lived in luxury, drinking whisky by the gallon and chain-smoking cigars. In 1868 his "mother" died. This removed his irreplaceable foundation.

Civil and criminal trials followed, with all England excited to the point of taking violent sides. Even a bond issue of £100,000 was subscribed by the credulous sympathizers for his cause. And while out on bail, the "hero" made a speech-making tour to the wild acclamation of thousands!

Hundreds of witnesses appeared for and against the obese impostor, who now weighed 367 pounds. Their testimony and interminable legal arguments filled more than 10,000 pages in court records. Finally, found guilty of perjury and basest fraud, the false Roger Charles Tichborne, baronet, was sentenced to penal servitude for 14 years. Freed for good behavior after serving three-quarters of the term, he finished his days in poverty. But his "bad" behavior cost the Tichborne family £91,677, and the Crown £55,315.

This study in human gullibility is told in absorbing detail by the author, a native of Scotland, who at present holds the Rufus Jones Chair of Philosophy and Religion at Bryn Mawr College.—D. E. WHEELER

REFLECTIONS OF A PHYSICIST. By Percy W. Bridgman. Philosophical Library, New York, 1955. 576 pp. \$6.00.

THE FIRST edition of this collection of non-technical writings by a leading American physicist was published in 1950. The present volume includes several more essays on "operational thinking", an important concept in the philosophy of science.

When Newton formulated his epochal synthesis of the science of mechanics, his contemporaries felt that the last word had been written. The only task that remained to science was to explain rather complicated phenomena in terms of the simple laws of mechanics.

This naive assumption was rudely knocked over when electrical science emerged with its own set of laws. And Einstein administered the *coup de grâce* to the Newtonian notion of the universe when he propounded his theories of special and general relativity, which broke completely with classical thought.

Scientists were in a dilemma. Whenever scientific philosophers felt they had a firm grasp on things theory-wise, some new findings would develop in a special area which would demand complete revision of hallowed structural theories. This, needless to say, was very upsetting to hard-headed scientists.

This continual upsetting of the applecart of theories plagued physicists and researchers for more than a century. One modern approach toward dealing with this rather unhappy state of affairs has been to analyze the structure and essence of

human knowledge itself (epistemology). Professor Bridgman has been one of the most eminent of such analysts.

He felt that much of the difficulty lay in the inadequacy of the physical concepts employed. From the standpoint of practical physics, concepts such as length, time, force and the like were as good as the actual physical operations which define them, but not one whit more.

For example, the idea of length by employing a yardstick is quite useful within the range of those operations where this operation can be performed. But in a different range, such as high speed objects moving by the observer, it is invalid. A new concept must be created in terms of operations that can actually be performed. Einstein did this with his special relativity theories in the case of high velocities in terms of the constant velocity of light. This concept of length is very different from that of the yardstick because it is defined by different operations.

This kind of epistemological scrutiny has been aptly termed "operational analysis." It has injected a degree of rigor into scientific thinking by requiring a critical appraisal of our terminology. As a result we should know better what we are talking about and what we can realistically anticipate from the conceptual tools with which we work. *Reflections of a Physicist* is a group of 32 intriguing essays and addresses prepared over a twenty year period by Professor Bridgman. In them he applies operational thinking to problems ranging from thermodynamics to society itself. The advantages as

well as the limitations of this method are apparent on every page. The appeal is largely to pure intellect. "Inspirational thinking" is everywhere in a subordinate role to "operational thinking." In a democracy at least we like to think that the human intellect is only as good as the values which inspire it. While the intellect is a sharp-edged and powerful tool, by itself it cannot establish ultimate moral ends for mankind.

Two other famous books by Bridgman could be considered along with this volume: *The Logic of Modern Physics*, and *The Nature of Physical Theory*. Philosophers have arisen to belabor, or to defend, the notion of operational thinking. Operational meaning would assure the automatic elimination of even the best propositions of metaphysics. In short, no operations, no meaning!

Professor Bridgman believes that the survival of civilization hinges upon men and women of superior mental ability. But we must remember that the possession of intellectual attainments and the ability to use them is inadequate. True mental ability needs most of all an inspirational focus to attain its greatest heights of service.—CEDRIC A. LARSON

THE TARNISHED TOWER, A Novel of Educational Huckstering. By Ann Marbut. David McKay and Company, Inc., New York. 283 pp. \$3.95.

ANN MARBUT'S well-written second novel tells the story of a slick guy with a quick slogan, a Madison Avenue con-man who sets up his pitch inside the ivied walls. He is

the twentieth century American Scholar, clad in gray flannel and eager to sell Education (big E) like soap flakes.

Jerry Scott's pitch is Transitional Education, an indefinable but "moderate" blend of the old and new, tradition and progressivism, which appeals to the buying public. It doesn't appeal to the men Jerry despises, the earnest scholars, but it wins publicity and the favor of powerful men who can satisfy Jerry's urgent power-lust.

The wife of a university professor, Mrs. Marbut knows well the academic world she describes. She introduces Jerry and his wife, Peg, to the reader at a professional convention, "a slave market," where ambitious young men hawk their personal wares to attract older men who can lift them a notch or two in professional rank.

At the convention, there is none of the detachment the layman associates with the scholarly life. There are men "on the make" and women who studiously help their men. They are determined to "get ahead" in the business of Education. The author will win no friends among educationists for her unsparing portrait of educators who are over-organized and under-dedicated.

Flattery and insincerity win Jerry a job in the political science department at Charleston State. Jerry ruthlessly sets in motion forces that will destroy those who stand in the way of his success, while his wife quickly discovers that the college community is actually "a company town," where bitterness and cruelty lie close to the "folksy" surface.

Life at Charleston State is unpleasant, but, unfortunately, it is not unique. Anyone who has spent some time in a college town will applaud Ann Marbut's honesty in describing the conflict between the hucksters and the idealists. In recent years, the hucksters and ideologues have held sway on many campuses; first, with quackery about "educating the whole child" and curricula based on "social adjustment," and, second, with outrageous affronts to scholarship which they have proclaimed "liberal" and true to the concept of "academic freedom." One man, Robert Hutchins, profitably combined the huckster's chant with the ideologue's cant.

Mrs. Marbut's main concern, however, is with the notion of education as a commodity, sought and bought by people who want the tinsel but not the toil of learning. American colleges and universities are bursting at the seams today, and each year more and more young Americans apply for a college degree as they would for a white-collar union card. Many educators are holding firm against this influx; others are giving the buyer what he or she wants. In the process, these hucksters are driving the standard of higher learning down to a "democratic" level of mediocrity.—RICHARD WHALEN

THE ACCUSING GHOST OF ROGER CASEMENT. By Alfred Noyes. Citadel Press, New York. 192 pp. \$3.50.

Yeats wrote a poem of which each verse ends with the line:

*"The ghost of Roger Casement
Is beating on the door."*

IT EXPRESSED the feeling of every outraged Irishman; it reflected as well the widespread public attitude of British and Americans at that time. They all felt it was wrong to hang such an honest, courageous man. Nevertheless, Sir Roger Casement, Irish Nationalist, was found guilty of high treason and hanged in 1916. And there has always remained the disturbing question: would his sentence have been commuted but for the campaign of calumny instigated by his political enemies?

Now, after many years of silence, Alfred Noyes, the distinguished English poet, presents a spirited and persuasive case against the vicious charges of immorality that were produced by the prosecution at the precise psychological moment when petitions for Casement's reprieve were being signed. Noyes, whose name has long been linked in the public mind with Casement's accusers, refers here to the notorious "black diaries," alleged to be Casement's, which British officials privately circulated before the execution.

These diaries, which "recorded unnatural offences," are now believed to be forgeries. A typed version was shown to Noyes when he was working in the Foreign Office during the first World War. "I am now convinced," he writes, "that what in perfectly good faith I accepted in 1916 was imposed on me, as it was imposed on many others." Meanwhile, to all the demands of indignant Parliamentarians the Home Office has refused to submit the material evidence, using the excuse that it is protecting the reputation of Casement in not airing the documents.

There have been several discrepancies in the statements of those directly responsible for the "discovery" of the diaries. In tracing the various and varying narratives given by Lord Birkenhead (the prosecutor), Sir Ernley Blackwell (then legal advisor to the Home Office) and Sir Basil Thompson (head of the C.I.D.), Noyes proves, without a doubt, that these men were not too careful about comparing notes with one another. On the strength of the glaring loopholes discovered in their testimonies he urges the Home Office, after 40 years of evasions and "Pecksniffian" high-handedness, to act quickly. "The only right course," he says, "would be for the Home Office to admit that in the heat of war things were done for which there is now no excuse."

However misguided Casement may have been in his attempt at gun-running in behalf of Irish independence, his worst blunder was made when he began negotiations with the German Government to guarantee Ireland's freedom in the event of a German victory. Yet Noyes is now able to view the "duality" of Casement's political position in a much kinder light than patriotic Englishmen did at the time.

Casement, a member of the British Consular Service, received a knighthood for his "selfless" work in exposing atrocious conditions in the Congo and later in Peru. Due to these humane services he made countless friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Noyes' contention is that the spurious documents, branding Casement as a homosexual, were used in a vicious smear campaign to alienate the sympathies of a number of influential in-

dividuals who would otherwise have supported the movement for Casement's reprieve. Moreover, the British Government was determined to prevent Ireland from regarding Casement as a patriot-martyr.

This is a challenging book and should arouse demands in England for a Parliamentary inquiry. Naturally no side in this controversial issue can be certain of the truth, nor can proper amends be made, until, as the author says, the diaries are removed from the so-called "Black Museum" of Scotland Yard and handed over to the experts for a final test of their authenticity.

—Richard McLaughlin

SOUTHERN BELLE. By Mary Craig Sinclair. Crown Publishers, Inc., New York. 407 pages. \$5.00.

TO THOSE who regard Upton Sinclair as a major prophet, this love letter from his wife will have some nostalgic interest.

For fifty odd years, Upton has milked the fictional possibilities of all the passing radical enthusiasms and

he has ground out a formidable one-man library of novels and tracts. To give him the benefit of the doubt, he has probably been sincere in each of his temporary enthusiasms. Through all his twistings and turnings, he has been sustained by a deep sense of mission.

Now Mary Craig Sinclair, herself an inveterate crusader, has written the story of this unusual life.

It has been the fate of Sinclair that he has followed so many fancies that even the radicals themselves don't trust him. The man who began his career with Mother Bloor, of later Communist fame, as his assistant, deifying Eugene V. Debs, and who ended it heroizing Franklin D. Roosevelt, is a shifty guide for any genuine revolutionist to follow.

Those who lived through the exciting times which Mrs. Sinclair depicts will find considerable reminiscent enjoyment in the anecdotes about forgotten celebrities which bestrew her text. But the book itself has little of interest to attract the present generation, now growing up under the livid reflection of the Sputnik.

—H. L. V.

History Wrote These Words

During the reign of Louis XIV, the French general, Jean Martinet, bedecked the French Army in an impeccable uniform and introduced a Spartan-like drill code. The system of drill was so rigidly enforced by its inventor that his name achieved a tone of infamy. Ever since, a stickler for discipline and order has been called a *martinet*.

Four black balls hoisted onto New York's signal mast on Staten Island threw the city and harbor into panic one day in 1813, for it signalled the approach of four enemy ships of the line in the War of 1812. Modern communication has long-since outmoded this method of signalling the approach of unwelcome visitors, but the term "blackball" is still used to brand an enemy or unpopular person.

—RUSSELL NEWBOLD

THE COLLEGE FORUM

Sir: Here at William & Mary we wonder: *quo vadis*, Conservative? The young voter of today is disillusioned by the "liberal" movement, which so fascinated the past generation. He wants to see the country make a political move to the Right. His problem is: where does he find a conservative party?

Neither political party has offered a conservative for President since the GOP ran Alf Landon in 1936. Franklin Roosevelt, Truman and Stevenson are left-wingers under any definition. The alternative of Wilkie and Dewey was only a shade to the Right. Most conservatives voted for President Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956, in the hope that he would be influenced by Senator Taft and by the Taft wing of the Republican party—and give the country a genuine conservative government. He has failed to do so.

Conservatives are predominant on Southern and Midwestern campuses. They are growing stronger in the Far West. We are talking about a realignment of parties along conservative *vs* pseudoliberal lines. Unless one of the two major parties takes a stand on the Right side of the political line, for the conservation of our national assets and morals, such a realignment of our voting habits may become necessary under a new party leadership. We *want* to vote conservative, not for the lesser of two pseudoliberals . . . For less federal

government controls in all fields; for less federal spending and a return to a sound money policy; for less foreign "aide"; for a Teddy Roosevelt foreign policy (Walk softly but carry a Big Stick); for vigilant opposition to Communism and Socialism in all their forms and fronts, including the Peiping Communist regime in Red China; for a reduction in taxes, not by decreasing defense spending but by decreasing give-aways and federal waste.

Where can we go? For whom can we vote?

FRED ALLEN ENGLE,
The College of William & Mary

That's what we at MERCURY are trying to find out. By the Spring of 1958 we hope to have a well-appraised suggestion. We are not searching so much for a party as a patriot, or a group of patriots, to lead a party. It took only twelve Christian Disciples to carry the word of Christ throughout the world. Maybe it will take only twelve Christian Patriots to carry the truth, and its leadership, throughout our threatened land. You help us—all of you undergraduates and young college professors—in the campuses of America, and we may turn the tide. You have more time to enjoy our land than we old alumni—and especially your children. ED.

Sir: I would like to call your attention to our university, Emory of Georgia, which has resisted the siren call of the Neo-Collectivist and Big Government Internationalists. Here we have a series of annual symposiums which let us give voice to what we do not like. For exhibit I send you our campus paper, *The Emory Wheel*. Our speakers, as you can see, are all widely travelled men and they are all against most of Washington's unrealistic programs for so-called assistance to underdeveloped jungle and desert lands. We are, also, against the Socialist Swedish ideologies of Gunnar Myrdal which the current Justices of our Supreme Court have adopted instead of our inherited American law books. Come down and visit us some time!

RANDY COOMBS,
Emory University, Georgia

Sir: If I accept your kind invitation and write you what I *think* privately I'll get in trouble. I want to graduate next June. If I write you what I think about the Socialists, my Socialist professor of history will flunk me in history. If I write what I really think about all these leftist books and "literary" magazines we are supposed to read, my Socialist professor of English Literature will flunk me. There is only one professor here with whom I can exchange my real opinions; they are trying to retire him so as to get rid of him. If you think Harvard and Princeton are nests of Socialism and one-world Internationalists, send Mr. Varney out to us and some of us will meet with him secretly.

UNDERGRADUATE X.
University of Chicago

We repeat: College students can send us details in confidence which, upon checking through our own agents, we will publish without divulging the name of our correspondent—or any identifications which lead to him or her. We are checking a number of college campuses now for verification of information sent us by aroused students. Anyone who thinks *this* generation of undergraduates are firmly in the camp of the Socialists—or atheists—will have a surprise—soon. Ed.

Sir: Columbia University, I am sorry to report, has been carrying on an ideological war against undergraduate fraternities which insist on reserving decisions for their membership to the exclusive vote of members in secret. It can be remembered that ours is the University which President Eisenhower—President then of Columbia, that is—was going to clean house of alien ideologies and socialists. In 1953 Columbia officially announced that it would withhold recognition from any fraternity "which discriminates racially or religiously through verbal or tacit agreements, constitutional clauses, and/or rituals." In other words, at Columbia no fraternity could exist which wanted to decide on what *kind* of undergraduate members it wanted.

The following fraternities have been cited with violating this "democratic" ruling: *Sigma Chi*; *Sigma Nu*; *Alpha Sigma Nu*; *Phi Gamma Delta*; *Theta Tau*; *Beta Theta Phi*; and others. In addition to this official warning, the Columbia Daily Spectator has again this term

called upon each fraternity at Columbia to issue a statement that it no longer has "discrimination clauses" in its national or local chapter constitutions.

So far only one fraternity has collapsed under this ideological and official pressure—*Theta Tau's* Columbia University Chapter has resigned from its national organization parentage, after receiving concentrated front page *Spectator* criticism and back-stage administration threats.

The liquidation of national *Theta Tau* from the Columbia campus was gleefully reported by the *Spectator* as a great collegiate victory. In an editorial, WAKE UP, BROTHERS, it then put the heat on all the other fraternities, to wit:

"Sunday afternoon," the Columbia paper editorialized, "a blow was struck in the cause of human equality, when the Columbia chapter of *Theta Tau*, a professional engineering fraternity, announced its decision to secede from the national body in protest over that group's 'White Man' clause . . . To Columbia men of *Theta Tau* we extend our heartiest congratulations. To the national body we can only say—wake up!"

Not content with this victory, by infiltration into the local unit of one fraternity, the radicals at Columbia are stepping up the "heat" on all other local chapters. Each must appear before Columbia's Committee on Stu-

dent Organizations and swear that from now on they will be "clean", with no "discriminatory" selections of members. Thus the pseudoliberals of Columbia—faculty, overseers and undergraduates—are now intent on destroying individual liberty on the Columbia campus; they pose as collegiate "leaders" in this campaign which they soon will be trying to extend beyond Columbia into other college campuses and fraternities.

The MERCURY will be doing a great intercollegiate service by exposing this leftist, and Manhattan-instigated, doctrinaire subversion of our inherited right of free choice in America. But please withhold my name. I am fighting them all I can from inside my fraternity chapter; we do not want to resign from our beloved national fraternity. The problem is very difficult for us; how can we get our hard-earned diplomas and at the same time retain our integrity and fraternal vows?

(Name withheld)
Columbia University.

Fraternity Brothers, you better stand up and help, wherever you are! If the infiltrators can knock off one chapter after another, particularly through the supposed prestige of Columbia, where will your national organizations be—come next year? Ed.

When You Change Your Address

In order that you may continue to receive the AMERICAN MERCURY each month without interruption, please notify the Subscription Department, 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y., well in advance when changing your address. Thirty days' notice is required, and your *old* address as printed on the magazine wrapper must be given, as well as your new address.

THE MERCURY FORUM

We think the AMERICAN MERCURY is now receiving the most vital and articulate "Angry" letters of any publication in the Republic, and we intend to print as many of them each month as possible, with the writers' names and towns when we have their permission. We would much rather have Americans mad than scared. The time has come when righteous wrath may cause our politicians and diplomats to stop their stupidities and listen to the real voices of patriotic citizens.

Sir: The other day I picked up a copy of your excellent magazine at the Robert L. Hague Merchant Marine Industries Post, American Legion. Here's my subscription. You have obtained another regular reader.

As a working sailor for many years I learned the nature of the Beast (Communist) from living with him, sleeping aboard U.S. merchant ships beside him and having to listen to him. All the Communists I became acquainted with on the waterfront are now spies against America. Thanks for listening.

THOMAS G. CROWE
Brooklyn, New York

Sir: As you maybe see I am not very strong in writing English. I am new citizen. But I like your magazine because you are very well informed about Soviet policy and about American internal and foreign problems. Though not a rich man I am deciding to subscribe for two years ahead. Thank you.

WALTER KRYWUCKY
Detroit, Michigan

Greetings, *Citizen Krywucky!*

If our benevolent land could have all its alien arrivals of such character as yours we would have no need of immigration restrictions. Welcome to our Republic; may your children and grandchildren prosper in peace. Ed.

Sir: For five years I have been conducting a one man publishing crusade for the rejuvenation of our Constitution. It's a difficult task. While I lived at the Biltmore Hotel on Pershing Square, Los Angeles, prior to the end of World War II, I spent many troubled evenings watching the Communist park-speakers in action. They were well trained and organized. Our American boys in uniform often stopped to listen to them, seemed lost for words to answer the radicals; almost to a man they had no knowledge of the Constitution, the Bill of Rights or the principles of their own government. I found these young men and women of our armed services, however, eager to secure a copy of the Constitution. None seemed available in any Los Angeles store. So I started printing little pocket-size

tracts. I've been at this one-man job ever since, have distributed over 200,000 of them, mostly to fraternal organizations and patriotic groups. This is my answer to your October article, "What Can Conservatives Do?"

W. EARLE PHINNEY
Woodstock, Illinois

Mr. Phinney sent us samples of his valuable work. All Patriots should acclaim his efforts; his little books are wonderfully prepared. If you can use some of them in your schools or community we hope you will write him. Ed.

Sir: Here's our renewal subscription. As you will see, there are no Big Names on our letterhead, nor on our Board of Directors. We are just "Grass Roots" men and women, maybe unknown outside our community, trying to bring to fellow citizens information as to what is being done to them in their Washington bureaucracy. We may be tilting at windmills, but if this Republic ever needed to be aroused and awakened we think it is *now*. We are doing our best, as you are doing.

D. J. MACDONALD, *President*
Vigilance Inc., Reno, Nevada

Sir: I think Gen. Ike and British Gen. Montgomery went out of their way to criticize Gen. Lee and Gen. Meade about the battle of Gettysburg—especially when they said that they had been in charge they would have fired Gen. Lee and Gen. Meade. Well, that burned me up. I wish you would print a complete military review of Gen. Ike and Gen.

Montgomery and how they did things in World War II, especially with the Battle of the Bulge where we lost so many thousands of good young Americans. I served some time under Gen. Douglas McArthur and in my book I think Gen. MacArthur has forgotten more about military strategy and realities than Gen. Ike, Gen. Montgomery and Gen. Geo. Marshall all rolled into one will ever learn. I appreciate your magazine very much.

THAD DAY
Iola, Kansas

Sirs: What a feeling of hope it must have given the Communist—the sending of federal troops into the sovereign State of Arkansas. Note that there was no United Nations dilly-dallying about this for weeks and weeks. I bet the Soviets would have voted for doing this had they had the chance.

V. A. BENNETT
Monrovia, California

Sir: The *Outrage of Little Rock* better alarm the Governors and people of the other 47 States—of the fate in store for them if they do anything the federal dictators in Washington don't like, or can get some stupid votes by calling out the parachute troops. We may as well abolish the States and all local government, and divide the Republic into federal districts ruled by federal Commissars and Gestapo Generals. I'm looking for some man with backbone—for America—to vote for in 1960.

ROBERT NEWTON
Ponce de Leon, Florida

Dear Editor: I am a registered nurse, age 68, still at work as Health Supervisor in this textile center. Our labor relations are ideal and the management and workers are devoted to each other. How many communities are left in America that can say that? My MERCURY magazines are read by so many people they look like old Bibles. It is distressing to see the brainwashings people in other places are getting.

Mrs. W. A. POUND, R.N.
 _____, Georgia

We feel it's best to keep nurse Pound's town a secret so agents won't be rushed there from Manhattan to mess things up for its good people. But we are sending extra copies of the AMERICAN MERCURY to nurse Pound. Peace in an American town is indeed wonderful. Ed.

Sir: Let's get off the defensive for a change and take the offensive. Let's begin by going after Eleanor's friend, Harry Bridges, the Communist labor cancer. Then let's make our immigration laws stiffer; if we can't send Communists back where they came from, let's put them on some island. Then let's pass Senator Bricker's Constitutional Amendment and prevent State Department treaties from subverting us. Then, glorious day, let's get rid of the so-called United Nations. And let's stage a patriotic sit-down-turn-off strike against the television programs that are trying to fool us with slanted "news" and subversive "entertainment."

THOMAS GROVES
 Alhambra, California

Dear Sir: Here's a fact for MERCURY readers: A Psychiatrist is a stone-blind witchdoctor, in a coal-black basement, looking for a black Tom cat that isn't there.

DR. W. D. CHESNEY
 Milton Junction, Wisconsin

Sir: It seems strange to me that the people who vent their spleen on anyone who speaks and acts like an American talk, write and act like the Communists. I am very happy with the AMERICAN MERCURY, a grand and glorious *American* magazine.

CHARLES J. WEBBER, *Editor*
 Detroit General Assembly

Dear Editor: I deeply appreciate your using a part of my speech to the Legion in your December MERCURY. I am glad your readers, which number so many Americans, will have a chance to read it just now.

LOUIS JOHNSON
 Washington, D. C.

Thank you, Mr. Former Secretary of Defense. The papers don't seem to like to print speeches patriots make to the American Legion—so we and the *American Legion Magazine* have to try each month to make such vigilant words available. Ed.

Sir: Here's my renewal subscription.
 RALPH GWINN
 The Sergeant at Arms
 House of Representatives
 Washington, D. C.

For the Sergeant at Arms of our Washington House of Representatives to honor us, another year, is

a real patriotic blessing. We are happy to say that over 80 of our Senators and over 250 of our Congressmen are also MERCURY readers. ED.

Sir: For some time now my only happiness in reading current magazines has been in reading the AMERICAN MERCURY. It has meant much to me during this period of continuous Left-Wing mouthings. Your magazine is next to my Bible in reading material in my home. I am enclosing my check for three subscriptions other than my own renewal. God bless you and keep up the good work.

MRS. ALFRED MACMILLAN
El Dorado, Arkansas

Gentlemen: Far, far too much religion. Especially the cover!

F. E. HAYNES
Ocean Grove, New Jersey

We thoroughly disagree with you. The lack of enough religion is this Republic's temporary liability, faced with Godless Communism. Our December cover's painting of *Christ of the Andes* symbolizes our Christmas creed and we are proud of it, and its message from the top of our American hemisphere. If you don't want religion read *The Daily Worker*. ED.

Sir: I have read the series of articles you published in the last eleven months of the AMERICAN MERCURY, and wish I could get all persons interested in restoring to Congress [its sole legal right to] the creation of money.

Certainly the Reserve Banks have stolen title to the gold, but still it does not touch our money mechanics. They say that it does, but that is but the waving of the wand by the medicine men. They had Congress outlaw gold and gold certificates as money in 1934, because they wanted something a great deal more abundant than gold, *something they could pyramid indefinitely, as U.S. Bonds, and the corporation stock* which is as limitless as the imagination of man. *We are on the stock certificate standard.*

When Warburg, Baruch, Morgenthau, et al, wrote the Reserve Act, they made certain that neither cash nor gold would ever again be "reserves." They provided that as often as the Reserve authorities wanted more reserves to the credit of the banks of the nation, they would just buy another \$20 billion corporation stock, which would set up a new reserve fund for all of the banks, and they could then extend loans up to \$100 billion.

S. W. ADAMS
Austin, Texas

The question lies far beyond the controversy over integration of the races. It is the choice between democracy and autocracy.—Congressman Howard W. Smith of Virginia

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PATRICK HENRY'S LEGACY

By Harriet P. Crank

PATRICK HENRY rode to the meeting at Richmond on a lean horse.

Although only twenty-nine, he was stoop-shouldered, weary, well acquainted with adversity. Three times he had failed in business. When he stood up to speak men who knew him looked at the floor with embarrassment. He had always seemed so awkward and hesitant at the town meetings. But his words now, stumbling at first, caught fire, began lighting up the minds of the citizens of Richmond. All Patriots remember his final words: "I do not know what course others may take, but as for me, *give me liberty or give me death.*" And death, then, could have been very real, for such men of Virginia and the other colonies who joined in freeing themselves were to be placed quickly on the tyrant's execution list if captured.

Thus came American freedom to America, a light shining in all our windows, of homes and churches, factories and legislatures. But freedom wasn't then, and isn't now, for free. It was bought dearly at great original cost and must be bought again by each generation to which we hand it down. Patrick Henry said it for us: "If my family have freedom and I have not given them one shilling they would be rich; if they have not freedom and I had given them all this world they would be poor."

Freedom, in America, was won by men *in communities* which were to become our States. Freedom was *never* passed on to any federal bureaucracy; *it is still the sovereign right of the people and the States.*